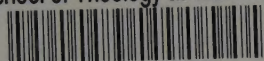


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BEYOND the BLUE PACIFIC



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**SOLOMON
ISLANDS**

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SANTA ISABEL

NEW GEORGIA

MALAITA

GUADALCANA.

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FIJI ISLANDS

LOYALTY ISLANDS

Tropic of Capricorn

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BEYOND *the* BLUE PACIFIC

BY ALICE GEER KELSEY



ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET AYER

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Plans and procedures for using BEYOND THE BLUE PACIFIC
will be found in "A Junior Teacher's Guide on Southeast
Asia," by Alice Geer Kelsey.

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DEDICATED TO
MY MOTHER
MARY GILLETT GEER

Contents

1. WITH FEET OPPOSITE	1
2. WHEN THE GIBBON CALLED	16
3. ORPHANS FOR A WHILE	21
4. THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR	29
5. THE NURSE'S BABY	36
6. SCHOOLBOYS WHO TEACH	45
7. THE COURAGE OF KRU MUANG	52
8. THE SON OF LIM KENG GOES FISHING	61
9. BOOKS FOR THE MALAYS	70
10. THE BOY WHO DROPPED THE BELL	77
11. THE FORD THAT TURNED LIFESAVER	85
12. FOLK TALES, GAMES, AND STORIES	94
HOW TO PRONOUNCE WORDS IN THESE STORIES	122

THE MAIN EVENTS IN THESE STORIES ARE TRUE AND A
NUMBER OF THE CHARACTERS BEAR THEIR REAL NAMES.
THE AUTHOR HAS DRAWN UPON HER KNOWLEDGE OF THE
COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES TO FILL IN UNKNOWN MINOR
CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATION.

With Feet Opposite

SUPPOSE you are buying a ticket to sail from the eastern coast of North America to the lands that touch the South China Sea and the Bay of Bengal.

"I want a ticket to Singapore," you would say. Or perhaps it would be Rangoon, Batavia, Bangkok, or Saigon.

"East or west?" the ticket agent might ask.

"The shorter way, of course!" you might answer, thinking him rather stupid not to know whether Singapore was east or west.

"Here's a globe of the world," the ticket agent might say as he turned to wait on someone else. "Figure it out for yourself which way is shorter."

Do you know in which direction you would decide to travel? Study the globe and see.

You will find that Singapore, which lies almost in the

middle of the countries we are going to read about in this book, is just half way around the world from Philadelphia. It is half a world away.

You might choose to go on the first boat to sail, regardless of whether it would take the westerly or the easterly route. Or, you might decide that it would be more interesting to go west by way of the Caribbean Sea, the Panama Canal, and the Pacific Ocean; or to sail east across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea, and the Bay of Bengal. Or you might decide to plan your trip so that you would circle the globe before you reached home again.

You have perhaps heard the word "antipodes," meaning people or places on opposite sides of the world. "Antipodes" comes from the Greek words that mean "with feet opposite." When we are thinking about the people of the peninsula and islands of Southeast Asia, we are thinking of people whose feet are opposite ours on the round world we share.

As we read about these lands and their peoples, we may find some things that are the opposite of those we know in North America. But we shall find other ways in which the people of the antipodes are very much like us. First, let us take a quick look at the six areas in Southeast Asia: Burma, French Indo-China, Thailand, the Malay States, the Netherlands East Indies, and the Philippines. You can find them all on the map inside the cover of this book.

THE COUNTRIES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA

Except for the northern tip of Burma, all the countries about which the stories of this book are written lie nearer the equator than the southern end of the State of Florida. In fact, the equator cuts straight across the largest islands of the Netherlands East Indies. That means that the people we are to meet in this book are used to a tropical climate. The houses of the common people of Southeast Asia would look strange in North America. But those houses are exactly right for a land where wild animals roam at night and where tropical storms known as monsoons turn dry land into marshes or rivers for weeks of every year. Bamboo houses perched on posts make the best possible homes for the dark-skinned folk of the tropical lands of Southeast Asia.

It is a beautiful land in which these bamboo houses are found. Shimmering blue seas and lands green as only tropical countries can be. Brilliantly colored birds singing in vine-draped jungles. Orchids, growing wild and unseen, that American florists would be proud to display. Rivers flowing through jungles of plumed bamboo trees or between walls of green made by the densely intertwined growth of trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers. Animals we know only in pictures or in zoos swinging in the branches, swishing through the tall grass, crashing through the teak forests, or sloshing in the shady rivers.

Each of the six countries is a little different from its neighbors in its people, its history, its products, and in the way in which it is ruled.

Burma was part of the great country of India until a few years ago. It was often called "Farther India." Like India, Burma was under British control. The British gave Burma schools, hospitals, roads, and a government. The people of Burma had some self-government but not the complete freedom they wanted.

French Indo-China is described by its name. It is a country that was under French rule before the present war. It is a place where some of the people get their ideas and customs from India and others get theirs from China. Look at the map and you will see why this might be so.

Thailand alone, of all Southeast Asia, was free from outside rule for six hundred years before it came under Japanese control in 1941. On old maps you will see the country called Siam. On new maps it is Thailand—"the land of the free people." You may have heard people say jokingly that some puffed-up person must think he is the "King of Siam." Until recently, being the King of Siam meant having tremendous wealth and the power of life and death over many humble subjects. Nine years before the Japanese took control of Thailand, the King lost his old power and became a figurehead.

The Malay Peninsula is the long, slender strip of land that separates the Bay of Bengal from the South China Sea.

For long years Malaya was one of England's most prized possessions because of its great natural wealth of rubber, tin, and copra, and because of the way it seemed to guard the passage between the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The Malays have never been interested in governing themselves. They accepted English rule cheerfully and without much concern.

The Netherlands East Indies cover so many miles of islands and of ocean that, if they were picked up and set on North America, they and their surrounding seas would cover a territory as large as the United States. The people, animals, and plants found in the eastern islands are like those in Asia, showing that these islands were once part of that continent. The western islands, however, show that they were once a part of Australia. In the Netherlands East Indies can be found modern cities and neat farms that remind us of the busy Dutch people who have ruled there so many years. Other parts of the Netherlands East Indies are wild jungles where head-hunters still go on the warpath.

The many green islands of the Philippines have been called by a name that fits them well—"the Seven Thousand Emeralds." For more than forty years the United States worked to train the people of the Philippines to rule their own islands wisely. Within five years of the time when complete freedom was to be given to the Philippines, war brought new rulers to the Islands.

PEOPLE OF SOUTHEAST ASIA

We like to call America a "melting pot." We say that people of many nations have been mixed together in our land to make Americans. Southeast Asia is another "melting pot." In that area many of the races have lived together without being changed, but out of the mixing of some of the peoples in the "melting pot" has come a new race—the Malay.

In the long, long ago, there were shy little black men living in the jungles. Then came taller, bolder, brown men, who drove the black people into the deep forests. Then came small-boned men with slanting eyes and a yellow tinge to their skins. These yellow people intermarried with their black and brown neighbors and their descendants are known in today's world as the Malays. The black and the brown people are still there, but there are not so many of them as there are of the Malays. The new race are a pleasant, easy-going people, with straight black hair and skins of varying shades, which shows that the ancestors of the race had skins of black, brown, and yellow.

Other peoples who have lately settled in this area in large numbers are the Indians and the Chinese. They have not mixed much with the native populations but have lived in their own communities. Because they have been better business men, the Indians and the Chinese have not always been popular with the other peoples. As the store-

keepers, moneylenders, and workers in mines and fields, they have built up wealth, while most of the Malay people have remained poor.

FOLKLORE

One way to get acquainted with the people of Southeast Asia is to hear the stories they tell to each other, the stories that have been handed down year after year in little villages where bamboo houses perch on posts amid the green jungles. Some of these stories show how the people have explained the things of nature that they see about them. Some are their story explanations of the coming of various peoples and rulers. Some present hero tales in the form of long songs. Others were made up to teach sensible lessons. Others, perhaps the largest number, were told for nothing but the fun of telling and the joy of listening.

The stories about animals that talk together and play tricks on each other are very common. These stories remind us of our own Uncle Remus tales. It seems as though the little mouse deer of Malay folklore must be some relation to Brer Rabbit. Though only a foot tall, the mouse deer has wits that always help him get the better of the big creatures like the tiger, the rhinoceros, and the elephant.

On pages 94 and 100 of this book, you will find two of these folk tales. One is the story of the beginning of the world as it is told on the island of Borneo. Similar stories

of the beginning of the world are told in other parts of Southeast Asia. The other tale, written in the form of a play that you might like to act, is one of the stories that are told just for fun. Perhaps there is a bit of truth in it, which the Malays think some folks ought to know.

When you read these tales, you will see that love of a good story is one way in which we and the people "with feet opposite" are alike.

GAMES

You would feel at home very quickly if you started playing games with the children of the antipodes. Their feet may be opposite ours on the globe, but they scamper just as fast as ours when they play tag or hide-and-seek. Their feet would be more nimble than ours in kicking the hollow rattan ball that is used for a special kind of football in most of these countries. The rules of their games are a little different from those of the children of the United States or Canada, but you would quickly learn them. To find some of their games that are like American ones but just a little different, look on pages 102-104 of this book.

ANIMALS

Take a paper and pencil the next time you visit a zoo. Make a list of the animals you see there that are to be

found in the countries about which we are reading. It will be a long list. It will have the names of many animals that have never roamed the plains and forests of North America.

There should really be two lists. In Burma, Thailand, French Indo-China, Malaya, and the islands near Asia, we find the animals common to the jungles of Asia. In New Guinea and the islands close to it, we find animals like those that live in Australia. Do you remember reading on page 5 how that happened?

Topping the first list would be the elephant—the small-eared Indian elephant that is common in Burma, Thailand, French Indo-China, Sumatra, and Borneo. Next would come members of the cat family—tigers, leopards, black panthers, and their smaller wild cat cousins. Then would come a variety of deer—the heavy coarse-haired sambar, the small deer, and the tiny mouse deer that folklore pictures as outwitting the big animals of the jungles. Many members of the monkey family would be on our list, including the gibbons of Malaya and the orangutans of Sumatra and Borneo. The list would go on and on—rhinoceroses, peacocks, crocodiles, wild pigs, big bats known as “flying foxes,” and fish that actually creep on dry land.

Can you make up the second list from what you know of the animals of Australia? You might begin it with the wallaby.

PRODUCTS

You remember what happened when war came in the Pacific and boats stopped bringing us the products of Southeast Asia. Your fathers kept their cars in the garage to save the precious rubber tires, and your sisters found they must not lose or break the rubber bands that held their pigtails in place. Your mothers called you into the kitchen to step on the tin cans that were saved so carefully for scrap collection. You could not have rope for the new swing you wanted, and your new jumping rope was not as good as your old one. Pineapples and coconuts were so expensive that you seldom ate them, and your mother was careful about using spices and sugar. Perhaps you heard doctors talking about medicines they could not get any more. And, though much oil is produced in the United States, your family could have only a few gallons of gasoline for your car because American gasoline had to be shipped far away to places that usually were supplied from the numerous oil fields of the Netherlands East Indies.

One food produced in Southeast Asia probably keeps more people busy than any other—rice. In all the countries about which we read in this book, rice is the food on which the people depend. If they are well off, they have vegetables, fish, meat, and other foods to go with their rice. But rice they must have, whether they are rich or

poor. So millions of farmers work in the wet rice fields, growing the grain to feed their neighbors and to export to other parts of the world. The fertile soil, the warm climate, and the heavy rains make this area good rice-growing country.

HOMES

In what sort of houses do the people whose feet are opposite ours live? That question cannot have a single answer any more than it could if it were asked about North Americans. But there is one answer that does cover the homes of millions of our neighbors of the antipodes. All through the lands of Southeast Asia there are houses with sides of woven bamboo, with floors of planks, with roofs of thatch. These houses are raised on posts that hold them safely above marauding wild animals, wandering pigs and chickens, and the floods of the monsoon months. These houses may be in little clusters making a village in some lonely jungle. They may be perched at the edge of rivers with the water swishing below them. Or they may be in cities. The houses may have one or two rooms in which live single families, who climb up the ladders to their homes, while their domestic animals curl up in the space below the floor. Or, the dwellings may be the apartment building of the jungle, the "long house" where many families live under one roof.

Not everyone in Southeast Asia lives in bamboo houses-

on-stilts. Some streets of the big cities have buildings like those of any modern city. Hotels, apartment houses, schools, hospitals, government buildings, stores, factories, and railroad stations look quite like those to which we are accustomed.

LANGUAGE

If on a visit to a modern city of Southeast Asia your eyes led you to think you were in an American town, your ears would tell you a different tale. You might wonder if you were visiting the Tower of Babel of the Bible story (*Genesis* 11: 1-9). If you wanted to learn one language that would be understood in the most places in Southeast Asia, Malay might be a good choice. If you knew a little Spanish, Dutch, or French, you could brush up on those and use Spanish in the Philippines, Dutch in the Netherlands East Indies, and French in French Indo-China. Of course, English would be useful in the countries that have been under English rule—Burma and Malaya. But these European languages would help you only with the officials and the educated people. To talk with everyone you met, you would also have to learn Indian, Chinese, Burmese, Thai, and ever so many other languages. In Burma it would not be enough to speak only Burmese, as there are several hill tribes that have languages of their own. The same would be true in each of the countries. Probably you would end by using the sign language and hoping

someone who spoke English would happen by before you starved.

TRAVEL

If you wished to travel in a hurry in the antipodes, you could probably find an airplane, a railroad train, an automobile, or a modern boat to take you where you needed to go. But if you wished to travel more slowly in order to get acquainted with the people and the country, you should choose one of the ways that have been used for generations. You might ride an elephant, swaying through the jungle on its back. You might jog along over narrow mountain trails on the back of a donkey or a hard little pony. If you had luggage to carry and plenty of time, you could bump along in a squeaking wooden cart drawn by oxen or water buffaloes. And walking is always a cheap way of getting about—a popular way in a land where people are poor. Traveling by water among the islands or on the many rivers of the mainland would introduce you to many sorts of native boats and would give you a chance to exchange smiles, or at least stares, with dark-skinned children in bamboo homes high over the river's edge.

BELIEFS

In what they believe about the world and the God who made it, the people with their feet opposite ours are a little

like us and a little different from us. Like us, they believe that there is one power greater than man. Like us, they look at a sunset or a storm, a forest or a river, a tree or a flower, an elephant or a sparrow, and feel that someone greater than man has made the world. Like us, they have the wish to pray to the power that made all things.

The difference lies in what they believe about that power behind all life and all nature. Most people of Southeast Asia do not believe, as we do, in a Father God who loves each one of us and each one of them. Most of them do not know of Jesus, who has shown us the best way of living in the good world God gave us. Instead, they are full of fears of the spirits that rule the world. They feel that these spirits are quick to be angry and quick to punish. Those who are known as animists feel that everything in nature has a spirit that may at any time play evil tricks on them. These fears are felt even by some who have accepted religions brought in from other lands, such as Buddhism from China, Hinduism from India, and Mohammedanism from Arabia. None of these religions drives away fear as Christianity does, with the joyous feeling that God loves everyone and that he sent Jesus to show people a happy way of living.

This knowledge of the Christian way of thinking, praying, and living is slowly coming into the islands and peninsula of Southeast Asia. For many years Christian missionaries have been going out from England, France, America,

Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, and Germany to tell the people of this part of the world about the way of Jesus and the love of a good God. Doctors and nurses have told of Jesus as they healed people. Teachers have talked of him to the boys and girls in their schools. Preachers have gone from village to village and have established churches where people could hear about God and worship him. Agricultural missionaries have talked of the loving God who wanted neighbors to live in peace and plenty.

At first it was the missionaries from far lands who did the preaching, healing, and teaching. Now there is a strong group of native Christians who have become teachers, doctors, nurses, and preachers. There are other native Christians who carry on their own work as farmers, housewives, storekeepers, or officials, living according to the teaching of Jesus so that they help others know what it means to follow him.

War has tested these Christians. When missionaries were forced to leave, the responsibility of keeping alive the way of God in Southeast Asia fell to the people of the native churches. Word has come that they are carrying on the work and doing it well.

In this book you will find stories of some of the men, women, and children who are trying to bring the way of Jesus to the beautiful lands that are half a world away from us, beyond the blue Pacific.

When the Gibbon Called

IT was still and dark in the little jungle village of northern Thailand. There had been no guitars strumming on the porches of bamboo houses that evening. There had been no men's voices calling from house to house. It was a village of women and children that night. All the men had been called away to work on the roads over which a prince planned to travel soon. The work was too far away for them to come home at night. The women and children had withdrawn to their houses early in the evening to be protected from the jungle night.

The children were asleep. Some of the women slept, too. Others lay awake and listened fearfully. They could not forget that in case danger should come that night, there was no man in the village.

Pe Nyought, wife of the Christian evangelist, was one

of those who slept. She was calm and peaceful because she knew that all life was created by a loving God.

Suddenly those who listened and those who slept heard a piercing scream. It came from the forest very close to the village. It came again and again—shrill and unearthly. It went up and down like the song of a fiend.

"What is that, Mother?" cried sleepy children's voices in many a bamboo cottage of the village.

"It is a gibbon calling," answered the mothers in voices that shook. The children knew how the gibbons looked—those monkey-like creatures that swung with long, hairy arms from tree to tree in the jungle.

"Why is he calling, Mother?" children were asking all through the village.

The wiser mothers tried to soothe their children, though they were frightened themselves. Some mothers forgot about being wise and said in trembling voices, "When the gibbon calls, it means bad luck. Something dreadful is going to happen. Nobody knows what."

The women began to call from one house to another.

"What curse do you suppose is coming?"

"Oh, if our men were only here to protect us!"

"What shall we do?"

"Let's go to the house of Pe Nyought."

In house after house, women were doing as they always did when they were in trouble. They were going to Pe Nyought. Whenever they were sick, unhappy, or fright-

ened, they ran to Pe Nyought. Whenever "spirits" bothered them, they sent for her, even though they knew she did not believe in their evil "spirits." Talking things over with her seemed to drive away their fear of the "spirits." They all remembered the time they had run to Pe Nyought when they had been terrified by a crashing thunder storm. After she had talked and prayed a while, their fear had gone and they were almost ready to agree with her that the lightning was beautiful. Yes, they would go to Pe Nyought when the gibbon called and there was no man in the village to protect them.

Ladders creaked all over the village as women and children, carrying flickering torches, climbed from their houses-on-posts and ran screaming to the house of Pe Nyought.

"Pe Nyought! Pe Nyought!" they called as they scrambled up her ladder. They found her sitting on her mat, rubbing sleepy eyes.

"Pe Nyought, do you hear the gibbon calling?" they sobbed.

"Oh, Pe Nyought, what will become of us? Some danger is on the way and there is not a man in the whole village to protect us!"

"Oh, Pe Nyought, your God saved us in the great storm! Pray to him now! Perhaps he will save us from this danger!"

Pe Nyought knew that the women needed to be saved



LADDERS CREAKED ALL OVER THE VILLAGE

from nothing but their own fears and superstitions. She was wide awake now.

"Do not be afraid, my friends," said Pe Nyought, in the calm voice that always made them feel better. "This gibbon can do us no harm. He is only one of God's creatures. His voice may not sound lovely, but he is making a song. He is singing because he is glad to be alive. You know how I am always singing because I am happy to be one of God's creatures. While the gibbon is singing, I shall sing to you, too."

Pe Nyought brought out her well worn hymnbook and sang one hymn after another. She prayed, too, talking with God about his creatures of the jungle and his creatures who lived in bamboo houses.

As Pe Nyought's lovely voice sang and talked, children fell asleep in their mothers' arms. When the gibbon called again, the women did not tremble. They were listening instead to the voice of the woman who knew that the forest had been created by a loving God.

Orphans for a While

WE can't get a thing on this radio, Dad!" Peter and Greta did not look up from the short-wave set on which they were vainly trying to tune in their favorite program as their parents came into the room.

"What station are you trying to get?" asked Dr. Van Horne, glad to sink into an easy chair after a day in the operating room of the hospital. Hospital it was, though it was built of bamboo and stood high on stilt-like legs. Helped by his wife, he had been working all day on an endless procession of fuzzy-haired, dark-skinned Papuans.

"We have tried both Amsterdam and Rotterdam, but we get nothing but empty, crackling sounds."

Peter and Greta, intent on the radio, did not see the look of alarm that passed between their father and mother.

"Try an American station." The doctor strode to the



IT WAS SEVERAL MILES ON A JUNGLE TRAIL

radio and twisted the dials to get San Francisco. Peter and Greta could not understand many of the words that poured from the radio in the quick American voice. They had not yet learned English well, though they knew more languages than most children. In addition to speaking their own Dutch and the tongue of their Papuan neighbors on the island of New Guinea, they could talk German with the children of the German missionaries and French with the children of the Swiss and French missionaries. They knew some words of English, but so few that the American voice reminded them of a monkey chattering in the jungle.

The missionaries stood staring at each other in dismay as the voice went on and on. The children realized that there was no chance of their using the radio for a while. They turned to their diaries and started writing the entry for that day—May 10, 1940. They wrote of the fun they had had earlier in the day, playing with Franz and Margarita, the children of the missionaries from Germany. It was several miles on a jungle trail to the homes of their German friends, but the children managed to play together several times a month.

Perhaps you can guess what news it was that the medical missionary from Holland had to tell his children when at last the voice from America stopped speaking. The homeland, Holland, had been invaded by the German armies. The news was so big that the children could not

understand it at first. They had little to say that day. The next day they were full of questions.

"Will it make any difference to the Dutch missionaries?" asked Greta. "You can go on curing the sick people of New Guinea just like you always have, can't you?"

"It will not make any difference—for a while," answered Dr. Van Horne.

"You are thinking about the money that comes from Holland to run the hospital, aren't you, Dad?" asked Peter. "Will the people in Holland keep on giving for missions?"

"The people who believe in our work will give, no matter what happens," said the doctor.

"What about their being able to send the money?" asked Mrs. Van Horne.

"There may be trouble there," said the doctor. "But our job is to go right on with our hospital and clinics, trusting God to help us keep up the work."

"Will the war make any difference to the German missionaries?" asked Greta. "Can Margarita's father teach his school just as he always has? Can Margarita's mother work with the mothers and babies?"

"I hope so." The doctor patted Greta's straight, yellow pigtails. "They are wonderful teachers and good Christians. I surely hope the government officials will let them keep on with their work."

As the days went on, Greta's question was answered by

the happenings in the district. Throughout the Netherlands East Indies, the missionaries from Germany were interned. Though the Dutch officials knew that they were fine Christian workers, they dared not take the chance that among them might be one spy who would work against the Indies. The family of Franz and Margarita were among those who were sent away to a place of confinement. The other missionaries tried to take over some of the work the Germans had been doing.

Mrs. Van Horne trudged along the jungle trail once a week to the German mission station to carry on the class of mothers that the German woman had taught so successfully for many years. The father of Peter and Greta met in his clinic the people whose small illnesses had been treated by the nurse of the German school. The extra duties meant an added burden on all the missionaries, but it was work for the people they loved. They could not see it left undone.

As the weeks went on, Peter's question was answered. No mail arrived from Holland, and of course no money could be sent from conquered Holland to the Dutch missionaries scattered all over the world. The good people of Holland were still giving, but there was no way to send the money.

"Must we close the hospital?" asked Peter as they sat at a meal even simpler than those of the days before the tenth of May.

The doctor shook his head. "The hospital is God's work. It cannot stop! We will go on working—and praying."

Mrs. Van Horne was looking at the big map on the wall. "The same thing has happened to the missionaries of Belgium, Denmark, and Norway. It is happening wherever missionaries of those countries are at work."

"Where are they working?" asked Greta.

Her mother went to the map and pointed to Africa, Syria, India, China, Madagascar, Japan, South America, and the sprawling islands of the Netherlands East Indies.

"Why, all those missionaries are just like orphans, aren't they?" said Peter. "The people they depend on cannot help them, even a little bit."

"Orphans is the right word," said the doctor with a half smile. "We are orphans—for a while."

"Sometimes orphans are adopted," said Greta.

"I hope you are right!" The doctor had a full smile this time as he rose from the table. "All we can do is to go on day by day. We can pray that God will put it in someone's heart to adopt the orphaned missions until their own parents can support them again."

"Orphans work hard." Greta was remembering the black-skinned children in the orphanage of the German mission. She had seen them cleaning rice for their own meals, planting sweet potatoes in their own gardens, and carrying water from the well. "Peter and I want to help more than we did before, don't we, Peter?"

"Of course," said Peter. "What can we do?"

"Well," said the doctor, "one thing that has been both-
ering me is the bandages. Usually the good women of our
churches in Holland roll bandages for us, but now we shall
have to make our own from materials we can get here.
Our supply of bandages from Holland is not gone yet,
but we must use them carefully. Homemade ones would
spare the better bandages from overseas."

"Come with me to the hospital supply room if you
really want to learn," said their mother. "Working on
bandages is not so much fun as playing with your little
Papuan friends, but it will be your way of helping."

Peter and Greta hurried through their last bites of din-
ner so that they could be ready to go with their parents
to the hospital that stood among the coconut trees.

Not many days after Peter and Greta started working,
a ship arrived with mail. There was a letter waiting on the
table when the missionaries, big and little, came home
from their work in the hospital.

"A letter from America," said Mother, looking at the
postmark as the doctor started to serve the plain meal of
curry and wild greens.

"A letter from America!" The doctor stopped with the
serving spoon held in mid-air. "From whom?"

"The return address is the International Missionary
Council, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City," read
Mrs. Van Horne.

The serving spoon splattered untidily as it fell from the doctor's hand into the big bowl of greens.

"Read it quickly!" The doctor had apparently forgotten all about dinner.

His wife tore open the letter and read:

"A Missions Emergency Board has been formed by the International Missionary Council. The work of this Board will be the raising and sending of funds to the missions that have temporarily been orphaned by the war. We understand that the people of the conquered countries are still giving generously to the work of missions, but they are not allowed to send money. These funds will be held for reconstruction and new work after the war. In the meantime, you may depend on the Missions Emergency Board to send you money regularly. How much we send depends on the generosity of the Christians of the free countries. The money will be sent by cable, beginning as soon as we can make the necessary arrangements."

There was more to the letter. Dr. Van Horne took up his serving spoon again as his wife went on with the reading. He was serving bigger helpings of curry than Peter and Greta had seen since the tenth of May. That was because he knew the missions that were "orphans for a while" had been adopted. There was going to be food for his children, materials for running the hospital, supplies for the schoolboys of the German mission, and money for the other orphaned missions throughout the world.

Through the Front Door

I AM glad these bamboo clusters are tall and thick," thought Lee Loh Heng. He slipped noiselessly into the shadow of a cluster a few steps nearer his own back door. "They save me from going hungry when the moon is as bright as it is tonight."

Step by step, from shadow to shadow, the seventeen-year-old Chinese boy crept closer and closer to the lighted window in the rear entrance of his Singapore home. A twig crunched under his feet. He stood stock-still.

"I must be more careful," he told himself. "If I am caught, there would be an end to these suppers. Worse still, my good mother would be in trouble." He waited till he was sure the sound had brought no one to peer out of the windows of the big brick house. Then he cautiously slid to the bamboo cluster that shaded the back

door. He made himself small in its shadow and waited.

There were footsteps within the kitchen, footsteps so soft that they would have escaped Loh Heng's ears if he had not been listening for them. The door opened without a sound. A gentle little Chinese lady stepped daintily through it and crouched under the bamboo cluster with the boy.

She handed him a pair of bamboo chopsticks and a steaming bowl of rice with pork and bean sprouts. The hungry boy attacked the food without a word. Mrs. Lee looked at her son carefully as his chopsticks flew. It was hard seeing her boy only at night and so very secretly. Did he seem a little thinner, or was it just that he was growing taller? Was his white drill coat clean and in good repair? Was there a tired look on his face—perhaps from long hours of study, perhaps from worry? Was he earning enough money for the school tuition, which his father had refused to pay? She would not bother him with questions till he had emptied his bowl. They could have their whispered conversations while he was eating the plate of cakes she had brought for him. She knew what his first question would be. It was the same every night.

"What about my father?" asked Loh Heng as he picked out the last grain of rice in his bowl and started eating his cakes.

Mrs. Lee shook her head sadly. "He does not change his mind. The fact that he really loves you so dearly makes

him all the more hurt and angry. It is hard for a pious Buddhist father to have one of his seven sons refuse to worship before the family shrine or take offerings to the grave of the ancestors."

"Is it hard for you, my Mother, to have me leave the Buddhist faith and become a Christian?" asked Loh Heng, popping another little cake into his mouth.

Mrs. Lee nodded. "It was very hard at first. But now I see that something has changed you and made you a better boy. You used to be selfish and careless. You thought of nothing but your own fun and comfort. Now you study hard and work long hours to earn money for your tuition. You sleep wherever you can find a place, even on the hard floors of a lonely schoolroom. I believe you would go hungry for your religion if I could not manage to give you this one good meal each night."

"Yes, Mother," said Loh Heng. "I would go hungry rather than leave the way of Jesus."

"Some day you must tell me about this way," whispered Mrs. Lee. "But there is no more time tonight. I heard the front door open. Your father is back from the bakery. He may be looking for me soon."

"Father worked late tonight," said Loh Heng, standing up.

"Yes, there is a big feast tomorrow. He has an order for hundreds of little cakes."

"There is no better baker in all Malaya!" Loh Heng

said as he emptied the plate of cakes into his pocket. He looked at the big house that had been paid for by years of wise and careful business methods. "A man as smart as my father will some day find that the way of Jesus is good."

The door closed noiselessly behind Mrs. Lee. The kitchen light blinked out. The boy started his slow trip from shadow to shadow through his father's yard to the spot where he could scale the wall. Out in the street again, he ran to the home of a school friend who had offered him a mat to sleep on that night. There was study waiting for him. He must work hard to finish school so that he would no longer put his gentle little mother in danger.

The years went on. Lee Loh Heng graduated from the Anglo-Chinese Christian School at Singapore. All his schoolmates were proud of him. His father was proud of him, too. He could no longer harden his heart against this son of his who had proved himself a success. He took the young man into partnership with him. Loh Heng was sent to a city in the Netherlands East Indies to work in a branch of his father's business. His Tip-Top Biscuit Company prospered. Lee Loh Heng was on the way to becoming a wealthy man like his father.

But something bothered him. He was spending only his spare time preaching and teaching about the way of Jesus. Spare time did not seem to be enough. He wished he might give all his time. There were so many Chinese people in

Malaya and the Indies who had never heard of the religion that meant so much to him. Lee Loh Heng wished he might tell more of them about Jesus. He wished he might study so that he could give the message better.

"Do you think I could learn to be a pastor?" he asked the missionaries.

"You were always a good student and you are a good Christian," the missionaries told him. "Why don't you begin theological study? We could use you as one of our pastors."

Then Lee Loh Heng talked with his father, who by now was very sure that this Christian son of his was not bringing shame on the family name.

"What would you think if I studied to become a Christian pastor?" Lee Loh Heng asked his father.

"I trust you to make good decisions," his father told him. "Not one of my Buddhist sons honors his parents as you do. Though I cannot leave the religion of my ancestors, I can see that Christianity is a good religion for you. Study to become a Christian pastor if you wish."

After five years of study, Lee Loh Heng became a Christian pastor in Singapore. His wife, who had been a teacher in a girls' school, was a great help to him as he carried on the work of two churches. He had two lively little sons who could hold their own in a game of *Nime Bola*, take the hardest parts in the school dramas, or sing as well as anyone in their father's Sunday school.



HIS TWO LITTLE SONS SANG IN THEIR FATHER'S
SUNDAY SCHOOL

When the missionaries had to leave conquered Singapore, the two churches of which Lee Loh Heng was pastor kept on with their Christian program. Though taking on much extra work, Lee Loh Heng always made time for visits to his Buddhist brothers. He was always welcome in the home of his father, who now depended more upon his advice than upon that of his other sons. And Lee Loh Heng walked into his father's home whenever he pleased—through the *front* door.

The Nurse's Baby

THE little Moro girl of the Philippine Islands let out one last shrill yell. Then she gulped and looked up at Nurse Cudanes with a surprised, "It did not really hurt!"

Nena stuck her brown arm out straight, the better to admire the white bandage that hugged it so neatly.

"Will you tell your friends in your village that we try not to hurt people here in the Dansalan Clinic?" Nurse Cudanes smiled into the little brown face that seemed so serious under its towering, hard bun of black hair. "We wish that more of your people would trust us to help them when they are hurt or sick."

"Lots of folks in our village are sick—especially the women and the children. The men have the government doctors take care of them, but there is no one to take care of the women," announced Nena.

"Why not?" Nurse Cudanes knew the answer but she wanted to keep the little Moro girl talking as long as she could. The friendly child might prove the key to open to her the doors of a Moro home. She felt sure that if she once had the chance to prove what she could do, many Moro homes might welcome the healing she could bring.

"The men won't let any man doctor go into the harems where the women live, and they do not want their women to go to the men doctors in the government hospital," explained Nena, who knew well the Moslem customs of her people.

"Would they let *me* go to see their wives?" asked the nurse.

The child looked Nurse Cudanes over from the tip of her starchy white cap to the toes of her sturdy black shoes. There was something in the eyes that twinkled through glasses, something about the uptilted corners of the mouth that made the girl decide in favor of the slim Filipino nurse.

"I know one family that might let you come," mused Nena.

"Tell me about this family, please," urged Nurse Cudanes.

"It isn't much of a family yet," explained the child. "That's why they might let you help them." Nena twirled the bright bracelets on her unbandaged arm as she thought it over. The nurse waited.

"You see," the child went on, "they want a live baby terribly. It's easy enough to have dead babies, but you know how hard it is to make a baby live."

Nurse Cudanes nodded. She knew how little chance of life a baby had in a Moro home. Dirt, germs, and ignorance are terrible enemies for a new-born baby to fight. So many babies died at birth or within the first year that there was no record kept of the number. The nurse and her fellow-workers had ached to talk with the mothers of thin Moro babies, so many of them covered with sores and unprotected from the mosquitoes that carried malaria. But the Moros are a proud race. They wanted no advice from a Christian and a Filipina. Yes, Nurse Cudanes knew how hard it was to make a baby live.

"The family lost one baby," continued Nena. "They hope to have another one soon. I heard the woman say she would try any charm if she could only be sure of a well baby."

"Do you think she might try *me*?" asked Nurse Cudanes.

"She might."

"Will you tell her I am coming to her house tomorrow to see her?" said the nurse.

"I will tell her," promised Nena solemnly.

"Will you meet me at the place where the road from Dansalan enters your village? I shall be there when the sun rides high in the sky."

The child smiled and turned to go. Nurse Cudanes watched the little figure trudge down the road, the long, bright-striped skirt almost sweeping the ground.

"I wonder," mused the nurse. She knew how many attempts to bring healing into Moro homes had failed because the Moros were unwilling to have help from the Christians. "Will this be my chance? Will the woman who wants a well baby let me help her?"

The next day, when the sun was high in the sky, Nurse Cudanes walked down the road that led to the village where lived the woman who so hoped for a well baby. There was a flash of bright-striped skirt and the tinkling of bracelets as Nena ran to meet the nurse. The bandage, so white the day before, had become the color of the arm it bound, but it was still worn proudly.

"I will show you the way," said Nena gaily, running along beside Nurse Cudanes. They passed cottage after cottage, raised higher than one's head above the ground. Chickens scattered before them. Dark-skinned children stared at them or followed a few steps behind. Women peered from doorways, trying to look without being seen.

"This is the house where Mrs. Alcazar lives!"

Swiftly Nena led the way up the short ladder. A shy young woman opened the door for them to enter the dark little bamboo house. Like the Moro girl, she had her straight black hair twisted into a high knot on top of her head. She wore a long full skirt and many ornaments.

"This is the nurse who will help you have a live baby," announced the child.

"Can you really see that my new baby lives?" asked Mrs. Alcazar wistfully. "So many, *many* babies die."

"I will try to help you," promised the nurse, "if you will do just what I ask you to do." Looking about the dirty cottage with its stale air, flies, and darkness, Nurse Cudanes did not wonder that babies born into such homes often die.

"I will do anything that might make my baby live," said the woman.

"What about your husband?" asked Nurse Cudanes. "Is he willing for me to come?"

"Because you are a woman he says you may come," answered the Moro woman. "Of course, no man doctor is allowed near a Moslem woman. Only a few Moro women have been allowed to go to the government hospital when ill."

The nurse set to work. Before the sun was low in the sky, the little cottage was spotlessly clean. As the two women worked to make it a fit home for the hoped-for baby, the nurse talked about being clean and eating the right food.

"Next week I will bring cloth that we may work together to make clothes," promised Nurse Cudanes.

"Clothes for a *baby*?" exclaimed Mrs. Alcazar. "I have rags to wrap it in."

"Not this baby!" Nurse Cudanes was firm. "Wrapping a new baby in a dirty old rag is one thing that makes it so hard for a Moro baby to live. *This* baby is going to have comfortable clothes that can be kept clean."

In the weeks that followed, the other women of the village argued with the young Moro woman. "It is a foolish thing you do. Why do you let that Christian nurse come into your home? All sorts of dreadful things may happen to you and your baby. And it is silly to make such a fuss getting ready for one little baby. A bed just for the baby! And all those little white clothes! Nonsense!"

But Mrs. Alcazar had made up her mind. "I have had one baby die," she told her neighbors. "I am going to give the Christian nurse's way a fair chance."

At last a tiny Moro boy was born in the cleanest of bamboo cottages. Nurse Cudanes was there to see that mother and baby had the right care.

The Moro women talked together all over the village. "It is a beautiful baby," they agreed, "but did you hear what that Filipino nurse did? She gave that tiny new baby a *bath*! She washed him all over! She put medicine in his eyes! Then she put some of those little white clothes on him and hid him under a white mosquito netting in the little bed!"

"Surely the baby will not live," shrugged the women. "Water on a new baby! What a dreadful thing!"

But the baby did live. Each day for the first month



Margaret Ayer-

SHE BATHED AND DRESSED THE BABY WHILE
THE MORO MOTHER WATCHED

Nurse Cudanes climbed the ladder of the clean bamboo cottage to help care for the baby. At first she bathed and dressed the baby while the Moro mother watched. Soon the mother bathed the baby while Nurse Cudanes talked of many things that are important in raising a healthy baby. Each day the nurse told the mother some new thing, and each day she noticed more women sitting in the dark corners of the bamboo house listening. She urged the mother to eat the right food so that she would have plenty of good milk to nurse her baby. She told her about the other foods the baby should have as he grew older. She explained why the Moro custom of chewing the food before giving it to the baby could spread sickness.

As she walked by other houses where ill-fed babies lay in dirty rags, wailing, she wished doors would open and women would beckon her in. Were the faces of the women who stared at her growing a little more friendly? She thought they were.

Then one day a woman stepped shyly up to Nurse Cudanes as she climbed down the ladder of the house where the clean, cooing baby lived. "Will you come to my house?" asked the woman. "My baby is sick."

Many visits into other Moro homes followed. The women of the village had seen that "the nurse's baby," as they called him, grew faster, cried less, laughed more, smelled sweeter, and kicked his little legs more sturdily than any baby they had ever known. The Christian nurse

was bringing good luck after all. Not only the women of this village but the women of all the villages about Dansalan climbed the stairs to admire the rollypoly, gurgling baby, sleeping in a clean bed on the sunny porch. How could a baby be so perfect?

"Come and see my baby" grew to be the regular greeting when Nurse Cudanes appeared on a village street. These mothers were not a bit surprised when "the nurse's baby," grown to be a year old, won first prize at the Annual Child Health Day at Dansalan. They all agreed there never was a healthier, happier baby.

After that, Nurse Cudanes and the other nurses of the Dansalan Clinic were very busy helping mothers who wanted to find out what made "the nurse's baby" so perfect. Moro mothers brought their babies to the Clinic, which none of them would have dared enter a year before. They invited the nurses to visit in their homes. As the nurses worked so tirelessly for them, the Moslem mothers sometimes wondered why they wore themselves out for people who were not even of their own race or religion.

When the Moslem mothers asked that question, the Christian nurses had a simple answer: "It is the way of Jesus."

Schoolboys Who Teach

YOU can catch the ball—like this!”

“Then you run—like this!”

Their striped cotton skirts tucked safely out of the way, two Burmese schoolboys were steering the laughing children of a jungle village through a new game. Pigs and chickens made a squealing, squawking dash for safety as ball and children flew about. Halfway across the village, a tall American shouted in perfect Burmese, “That was a good kick! Don’t be afraid to run fast!”

Then the tall missionary, Brayton Case, went striding toward a group of village men gathered around two other Burmese schoolboys. The men were crowding close, trying not to miss a word or motion of the boys.

“You make a hole in the ground—like this.” The first boy dug with a spade.

"Then you place the little tree in the hole—like this." The second boy put a small fruit tree into the hole the other boy had made and stamped the dirt firmly around it to hold it upright. The tall American stood at the edge of the crowd, his eyes twinkling proudly as he watched his schoolboys showing the villagers how to plant new fruit trees. The missionary was ready to add explanations but there seemed to be no need. He sent the boys an enthusiastic grin that meant, "Good work! I'm proud of you! Keep it up!" Then with quick strides he joined a group of village people listening to a third pair of schoolboys.

"It's too bad you have so much sickness," one boy was saying. "Let's walk about the village and see if we can find anything that might be bringing sickness."

"It might be your drinking water," the second boy said, pointing to the village well. "Notice that it is at a low spot where unclean water can drain into it."

Brayton Case gave an encouraging nod to his boys. He knew they might have a hard time explaining to the village folk how germs that carried sickness might get into their drinking water. He liked the boys to know they could call on him if the argument got too hard for them, but he wanted them to carry on alone if they could.

From where he stood, the missionary could watch another pair of schoolboys using a first-aid kit on the little cuts and sores of the village people. He could catch a few words the boys were saying.

"If you keep your finger perfectly clean, it will heal quickly. If you let dirt get into this cut, you will have a very sore finger."

"You have a sickness we do not know enough to treat. You must go see our missionary doctor. He can help you."

Proud of his boys, Brayton Case left them working at their disinfecting and bandaging while he went to see the last pair of boys. These two were in a clearing at the edge of the village, making preparations for a service to which the people would be coming soon. They were arranging large pictures for showing as they told the story of Jesus. They had little pictures to give to the children.

"All ready, boys?" asked the missionary.

"We will be when you have prayed with us," said one.

"We have been asking God to help us say the right things to the people," said the second boy, "but God seems so much nearer when you are talking with him."

God did seem very near as Brayton Case talked with him about the people of the little jungle village and about the schoolboys who were trying to show them happier, wiser, and healthier ways of living.

Thinking hard, one of the boys said, "I believe I know why God always seems close enough to touch when you are praying, Mr. Case. He knows that you really *mean* what you say. When you ask him to make people better, he knows you are going to do everything you can to help him answer your own prayer."

"Why *do* you work so hard for our people, Mr. Case?" asked the other boy. "I have often wondered."

"The Burmese are *my* people, too, you know." The missionary looked at his watch to see if he had time for his story. "I was born in Burma, just as you were. I learned to talk Burmese as soon as I learned to talk English. I learned to play *chin-lone* and *theelat* long before I knew about American football or baseball. I went with my misssionary parents to visit in villages like this one. I was perfectly at home scampering up ladders into bamboo houses like these. I took it for granted that all hens were scrawny and laid but a few small eggs each year. I thought all pigs were thin as greyhounds. I thought it was natural for people to be a little hungry most of the time, especially between rice seasons or when the rice crop was poor.

"Then I went to America for high school and college," the missionary continued. "In my summer vacations I worked on American farms. There I saw plump hens laying big eggs regularly. I saw pigs so fat they could scarcely waddle. I saw all sorts of fruits and vegetables growing on soil no better than we have in Burma. I saw cows giving pails of rich, golden milk. And I said to myself, 'My friends in Burma do not need to be hungry and poor. Someone should teach them how to be better farmers so that they would have enough to eat.'

"I was studying to be a preacher, but the more I thought about it the more I realized that preaching to the Burmese

would not be enough. It is hard for a man to pray when his stomach aches from emptiness."

"We know that," said one of the boys. "We know how it feels to be hungry when the rice bin is empty."

"I remember well the day when I made up my mind what I must do," said the missionary. "I was taking care of bees beside an irrigation ditch on a California farm. I had long been thinking that someone ought to do something to help the farmers of Burma. That day I decided to be that someone myself. I pulled a small notebook from my pocket and wrote, 'I will go to Burma as a farmer missionary.' And I did."

The boys did not need to ask Mr. Case to tell them about his work as an agricultural missionary. They had known about that since they were tiny boys in little villages of bamboo houses. They knew the excitement that breezed through the villages at the word, "He is coming! The tall, white man, with a fat pig under one arm and a fat hen under the other arm, is hurrying down the road toward our village!"

The boys remembered how the people crowded around the smiling missionary as he told them in rapid Burmese how they could have good pigs and hens, better rice crops, and new kinds of fruits and vegetables. They remembered that he did more than talk. He went out into the fields and showed how to work the crops. He left eggs from which fine chicks would hatch. He left pigs to improve



"CHRISTIAN PIGS" AND "CHRISTIAN HENS" WERE
WHAT THE VILLAGERS CALLED THEM

the village animals. He gave seeds and trees to those who would promise to care for them.

"Christian pigs" and "Christian hens" were what the village folk called the better pigs and hens that Brayton Case brought to their villages. Mr. Case did not talk about farming alone. He talked about Jesus, who wanted the people to take good care of their families and live as good neighbors. He told them about a loving God who listened when they prayed. The boys remembered how the missionary's visits changed life in their villages. Folks stopped quarreling, stealing, and telling lies. Neighbors began helping each other and working together. There was more to eat. The homes were cleaner. Neighbors met together in a little church of their own to talk of the way of Jesus.

It was because of Mr. Case's visits to the villages that these two boys, and many others, had gone to the agricultural school that Mr. Case started at Pyinmana. There they were learning to be better farmers and better Christians while their sisters in the girls' school were learning to be Christian homemakers.

"We are glad you kept the promise you wrote in your notebook that day on the farm in California," said one boy as he watched the villagers coming to the service.

"We are glad of something else," said the other boy. He spoke in a low voice because the people were sitting down in front of them. "We are glad you are showing us how to carry on the work you started."

The Courage of Kru Muang

LISTEN to that storm!" shuddered Kru Muang. "It is like a wall shutting us within this house away from all the world."

It must be a terrible storm indeed if it worried the brave Christian pastor, Kru Muang, who was said to fear nothing. The group of Christian Thai sat in utter silence. Outside, the wind raged through the bamboo trees. The rain swished angrily past the windows. A stream that was usually a trickle was sending up the roar of an angry river.

"The storm may be terrible," said one of the men, "but the sickness of the good American doctor is still worse."

"Can we think of nothing more to do for him?" asked one of the men.

"Nothing! We are not doctors."

"He will die unless we get help."

"The doctor from the next station could save him, but how could we get word to him?"

The friends listened to the raging of the storm. They knew how the slashing rain would sting the skin and beat the eyelids of anyone caught out in it. Each man was picturing the impossible journey to the next mission station. Each man was thinking that the one who offered to go would meet a lonely death on the rain-gouged mountain trail.

"The long trip over the mountain trail is hard enough in the dry season," said one, "but any one of us would gladly saddle a pony and start out, if it were not for this monsoon storm that is raging."

"The brooks are swollen to dashing rivers that cannot be crossed."

"Foot bridges have been washed away."

"There are gullies or heaps of rock where the trail should be."

"There is danger along every step of the way."

The friends sat again in silence. They truly wanted to help but they knew too well the dangers of monsoon time along the trails of Thailand.

Kru Muang rose and walked to the window. There was something about his step and the way he held himself that made every eye turn to him.

"I will go!" Kru Muang's voice was clear and quiet.

The others helped him make preparations for the jour-

ney. They watched from the window till the curtain of the storm shut down about him. Then they could do nothing but wait and pray that God would give Kru Muang strength. They reckoned the hours that the journey would take if all went well.

"We should not have let him go alone. What if his pony should slip or if he should be pinned under a landslide?"

"Yes, one of us should have gone with him. But it is too late now."

When the time came that Kru Muang might possibly be expected back with help for the sick American doctor, his friends had a fire to warm him, dry clothes and hot food to comfort him. Minutes ticked by like hours. Hours dragged by like days. While one of them stayed with the sick man, others watched and listened for Kru Muang and still others kept the fire going to welcome him, if he ever should return through the storm.

"Kru Muang always does what he sets out to do," said one, trying to cheer the others. "Remember the impossible things he did when he was the chief actor in the moving picture *Chang* made by those Americans. He knows how to handle elephants and tigers and people."

"Yes, but it is the monsoon he is fighting now," said another who could not be cheered.

At last a watcher at the window leaned eagerly forward. He saw something moving through the curtain of the storm. The friends crowded to the window to look. There

were two figures inching their way toward the house, two men on the backs of weary, dripping ponies.

The friends opened the door to the storm. They rushed out to care for the ponies and to help the tired men into the house.

The missionaries who tell the story declare that nobody but Kru Muang could have made the journey. They do not say it, but we know that nobody but a courageous missionary doctor would have made the return trip with Kru Muang. Two men risked their lives that day and saved the man who was sick.

The courage and self-forgetfulness that Kru Muang showed in the storm did not just happen. From his childhood in a Christian farm home in a Thai village he had known the importance of being brave and doing hard things well. When only eleven, he had attacked with his broad knife the man-eating tiger who was mauling his father.

Just as hard as the sudden courage needed to save his father's life was the day-by-day courage it took not to neglect his part in the hard work of a rice-growing family. As far back as he could remember, Kru Muang had known how terribly important and how terribly difficult it was to raise a good rice crop each year. As soon as he was old enough, he used to leave the cluster of bamboo houses of his village and go out to the cleared land beyond. There he helped his father put together the little shelter

of green bamboo where some grown-up member of the family would live during the growing season, in order to be close at hand to fight off the many foes of the precious rice crop.

Kru Muang knew how to watch for the signs of blight, mold, or rust that hurt the rice. He knew how to catch the crabs that injured the roots of the rice but tasted good in the curry pot. He liked to build terrifying scarecrows to drive off the white rice birds and the black crows that came in droves to feast on the rice when it formed heads. More fun than making scarecrows was shouting to drive away the birds. That was the particular job for the small boys and they loved it. Kru Muang learned to swing a small hand scythe to harvest the rice when the heads turned yellow. He learned to thresh and winnow the rice and carry it home in a huge basket balanced on his head or carried on a pole. Kru Muang's family did not have to offer sacrifices to the spirits of the rice, the water supply, or the bamboo forest as did so many of their neighbors, because his family did not believe in unfriendly spirits. They believed in a loving God who wished them success in their work in the rice fields. Because Kru Muang knew the happiness of a Christian home, he decided to give his life to bringing Christianity into more homes in Thailand.

Kru Muang's knowledge of farming and jungle life, added to his intelligence and charm, made his face at one



Margaret Ayer

HE LEARNED TO THRESH THE RICE

time well known throughout America. Ask anyone who was old enough to go to moving pictures in 1928 about the film *Chang*. All who saw this picture of a simple farm family in Thailand will tell you about the man with the strong and winning face who played the part of the father. They will tell that the picture showed the desperate struggle for a living made by the little Thai family on their small clearing in the green jungle that vibrated with bird, animal, and insect life. Whenever it seemed that things were going fairly smoothly for the family among the waving bamboo and coconut trees, the wild elephants would come, bringing terror and destruction. The Thai farmer bravely met troubles that could be found only on the screen—or in the real jungle that Kru Muang knew so well. Though the story was make-believe, the elephants and tigers were real. It took true skill, care, and courage to act in many of the scenes. It took beauty of character to send motion picture audiences away thinking of the calm, kind face of the man who played the part of the Thai farmer.

Some of the missionaries feared that the fame the picture *Chang* brought to Kru Muang would spoil him as a pastor. Would he ever again be satisfied with his old work of preaching?

But soon after his contract with the motion picture company was finished, he and his wife came to the missionaries ready to go to work again.

"We still are hearing the call of the Thai in South China," said Kru Muang. "We wish to go back to them."

"You know the dangers of South China," reminded the missionaries. "For three thousand years there has been a feud between the Chinese and the Thai who live in South China. It may be quiet between them now, but there is no telling when the quarreling may break out again."

But Kru Muang flashed his strong, quiet smile and said, "We are ready to go back to our Thai friends in South China." So back he went to tell of the way of Jesus.

He had not been in South China long when a feud broke out between the Thai and the Chinese. Kru Muang was caught and, being a Thai, was treated as a spy. He was thrown into prison with a dozen other men of his race.

"You know the punishment for spies," the officers said to them. Kru Muang knew. It was death.

One morning the Thai pastor and his companions were led from prison and lined up on the banks of the Mekong River. They could look down at the water flowing seaward, ready to carry their bodies downstream when the guns of the firing squad had gone off. The men from Thailand faced the guns.

The soldiers raised their guns, waiting for the order, "Fire!" Just as his mouth was opened to give the order, the officer looked closely at Kru Muang.

"Wait!" he shouted, as he stared at Kru Muang's face. He noticed an expression of beauty such as he had never

seen before. The face that was calm and strong when facing the monsoon to save a doctor's life, or when facing wild elephants in the jungle, was calm and strong when facing the guns of the firing squad. The officer saw Kru Muang's lips moving, though the soldier may not have known it was in prayer. The officer saw a man whose face was joyous and unafraid with death only a moment away. The officer could not understand. He knew only that he was looking at something the like of which he had never seen before.

"Wait!" he called again. "This man must not be shot!"

A little later Kru Muang's friends proved that he was innocent and he was set free. So Kru Muang was able to mount his little pony and ride from village to village, telling about Jesus as he had planned.

It is because there are Christians like Kru Muang in Thailand that we know the work of God will go on, no matter what happens. We know that the people of Kru Muang's church are being guided by a man who cannot be frightened by monsoons, elephants, or firing squads.

The Son of Lim Keng Goes Fishing

WELL, Son, what news did you hear today?" quavered the tired voice of Lim Keng from a dark corner of the shabby little house-on-posts, with its sides of woven bamboo and its roof of palm branches. "I sometimes think you spend more time talking with your friends than fishing, but it is good to hear what is going on."

"Strange news today, Father," said Cheng, entering from the sunny world outside. He brought with him the fresh smell of fish to mingle with the long-collected odors of the drab little cottage.

Lim Keng began to smile. This fourteen-year-old son of his might be careless and happy-go-lucky, but surely the world seemed more gay when he was about.

"Sit outside with me as I mend the nets, Father," said Cheng in his hearty young voice, "and I will tell you."

Lim Keng hobbled outside with his son. One look at Lim Keng's stubs, where legs used to be, showed why he lived in a hovel on the outskirts of the fishing town, well separated from the other people of Bagan Si-Api Api on the island of Sumatra. Like three hundred or more other people of this coast town in the Netherlands East Indies, Lim Keng was a leper. With only one doctor and one poorly equipped little hospital to care for the twenty-five thousand people of Bagan Si-Api Api and the surrounding district, there was little help for the lepers. They could do nothing but stay away from other people and wait for their disease to run its course.

"Tell me the news, Son," urged Lim Keng as he squinted and blinked in the sunshine. "You know how I miss the talk of the wharves and the market. Only a few good friends dare come and talk with me here. Tell me, Son!"

"It is news that will gladden your heart," began Cheng. "I remember when you were able to walk how you used to worry about the building where you worshipped with the other Christians."

Lim Keng nodded, surprised at Cheng's interest. Cheng had never gone with his father to the shabby church of the quiet Christians. He preferred the company of his young friends in the Buddhist temple with its festivals, ceremonies, and parades.

"Yes," remembered Lim Keng, "the termites, even as long ago as when I was well, had eaten the beams till they

were so weak that they threatened to fall at any minute. There were cracks in the floor so wide that a child could fall through. There was an old patched sail behind the altar that screened off the room where the pastor lived with his family. I wonder that the poor old building has not fallen down years ago. But what is the news?"

"They have decided to build a new church!"

"A new church! How can they? We are only a hundred members. Most of us are poor. How can we raise money to build a new church? That cannot be true news, Son."

As the days went by, Lim Keng always asked his son for more news about the plan to build a church. As Cheng himself was not a Christian, he could bring only second-hand reports. It all seemed too much a dream for Lim Keng to believe.

"Lam Po has promised nineteen guilders to the new church," reported Cheng.

"Impossible!" said Lim Keng. "She is an old woman who works for her living. She never earns more than thirteen guilders a month." To him the forty cents that a guilder was worth seemed like a small fortune.

"They say that the fisherman Peng has promised fifty guilders," said Cheng, wondering at these strange Christians who were going without things in order to give money to the church.

"How can that be? He probably does not earn forty guilders a month."

"Pastor Ho is giving fifty guilders."

"Fifty guilders! That is more than his month's salary! Does he forget he has seven children to feed?"

"People outside the church are helping, too. The Catholic priest gave a generous amount. The Dutch government officials are giving many guilders."

One day Lim Keng received some of his rare callers—Pastor Ho and Egon Ostrom, the missionary who cared for the Bagan Si-Api Api church with many others of the island of Sumatra. Lim Keng welcomed them gladly. He could hardly wait for the polite greetings to be said. He was impatient to ask his question.

"Is it really true that we are going to build a new church?"

"It is true, Lim Keng," answered Pastor Ho. "Every member of the church is giving what he can toward the new building."

"I do not have a single guilder in my house, but I want a share in the building of a house of God in Bagan Si-Api Api." Lim Keng thought a moment, as he had been thinking ever since he heard the rumor of the new building. Yes, he would do it. "I know what I can do. I have two young pigs fattening behind the house. Within a few months each pig will be worth about twenty-five guilders. One of them I must sell for food. One of them I will give for the new church building."

"That is very generous of you, Lim Keng," said Pas-



Margaret Ayer—

THE PIG HAD TO BE SOLD TO BUY A COFFIN
FOR ITS MASTER

tor Ho. He looked as though he felt it was far too generous of Lim Keng. He hesitated a moment, then wrote in his notebook, "Lim Keng—one pig—about twenty-five guilders."

Walking away from the wretched hovel of Lim Keng, the missionary and Pastor Ho wondered if the sick man would live till the pigs were grown. They knew how quickly leprosy could claim its victims when it had gone as far as it had with Lim Keng. They were not surprised to hear that he grew rapidly worse. When Lim Keng died, the pig that was left had to be sold to buy a coffin for its master.

Though the son of Lim Keng was not a Christian, he knew that a Christian promise had to be kept. Besides, every Chinese son feels bound by honor to pay the debts of his dead father. The family that Lim Keng had left in Cheng's care was wretchedly poor. It took all the money he could earn by fishing just to buy enough rice for them to eat. He did not see how he could give any money to the church—surely not the twenty-five guilders Lim Keng had promised. He wondered why his father had agreed to give all that money anyway. Lim Keng must have thought a suitable place to worship God was very important. But no matter how much he argued with himself, Cheng could not forget the promise his father had made to the church.

One day Cheng unmoored his boat and rowed away to the shallow muddy waters offshore where the fishing was

done. As he prepared to sit all day long on one of the posts that held his net, he had a sudden idea. He had heard Lim Keng pray often but he had never before thought of talking to the God of the Christians himself. Why not try it? If Cheng had known the Christian's God better, his prayer would have been less like a bargain and more of a request for strength. However, as the very first prayer from a non-Christian boy, it was good.

"God," began the son of Lim Keng, "you know that my father promised that pig to the new church. You know that I used the money to buy a coffin for my father instead. People say that you can do anything, so please listen to me while I make a promise. I have not caught many fish lately and I am very, very poor. If you who are almighty would help me to get plenty of fish this time, I promise you to pay my father's pledge for the building of the church."

Then the son of Lim Keng fished as he had never fished before. He kept both eyes on his nets instead of looking dreamily at the dancing waves. He paid no attention to the cramps that tortured his legs from perching hour after hour on the post. This time he was fishing for more than rice money. He was fishing to redeem the promise of his good father. For the first time in his hungry life he did not seem to be working alone in a world that did not care what happened to the poor fishermen of Bagan Si-Api Api.

A few days later, Pastor Ho was surprised to have a visit from a very smiling boy whom he recognized as the son of Lim Keng. He was still more surprised when the boy pulled from his pocket twenty-five guilders and handed them to the pastor with a happy grin rippling all over his sunburned face.

"I promised your God that I would pay the money my father pledged to your church if your God would help me get a good catch," explained the son of Lim Keng happily. "I think he helped me fish harder than I usually do. I did not spend so much time dreaming, and I was more careful about where I cast my nets and how I pulled them in. For months I have not caught so many fish as I did this time. A fishmonger offered me fifty guilders for the catch. Here are twenty-five guilders from my father."

The son of Lim Keng watched with pride as Pastor Ho opened his notebook and wrote "Paid in full" after the item: "Lim Keng—one pig—about twenty-five guilders." Then the son of Lim Keng stayed and talked with Pastor Ho about the God of the Christians. He wanted to learn how to pray better. He wondered if it was the Christian beliefs that had made his father so patient and unselfish all through his dreadful sickness.

From that day, the son of Lim Keng was among the most eager watchers as the beautiful new church at Bagan Si-Api Api grew. He was proud of the foundations that were built stout and strong for safety on the marshy,

sponge-like ground. He was proud as the walls rose, dignified in their simplicity, brown out of doors, snow-white inside. He took time between fishing trips to watch the Chinese artist carve a delicate lily design on the brown-stained wood of the altar and pulpit.

When the church was dedicated, the beautiful service was spoken and sung in Dutch, Chinese, Malay, and English. People of all those tongues were in the congregation. The members and friends of the church were brimming with joy and thanksgiving on that day. But there probably was not one more proud and happy than the young fisherman, the son of Lim Keng, who joined the church on the day of its dedication.

Books for the Malays

N the busy streets of Singapore over fifty years ago, a tall young captain of the Royal Engineers might have been seen talking earnestly to a crowd of Malays who had stopped in the middle of their evening business to listen to him. He was telling them of the happiness that would come to them if they took Jesus for their leader.

“Why is a young man like that preaching? We have seen him wearing the uniform of a captain of the Royal Engineers,” passing white people must have said to each other. “He is a soldier, not a missionary.” Perhaps their curiosity led some of them to find out who the officer was and how he came to be doing the work of a missionary. If so, they would have discovered that the young man’s name was William Shellabear and that he had come from England to Singapore in 1887 with the Royal Engineers

for the purpose of creating a series of new forts. His work was to enlist and train a company of Malay soldiers.

Captain Shellabear was interested in the Malay soldiers who worked under him. He wanted to know how they lived and what they thought and whether or not their Moslem religion made them happy. Of course he could not talk to them directly because he spoke English while they used the Malay language. All talking had to be done through an interpreter. It was awkward trying to be friendly in a secondhand conversation. Captain Shellabear grew impatient at the method, and, since he had a talent for languages, he was soon speaking Malay with his men.

Then he made a discovery. These Malay soldiers of his did not get as much strength and joy from their Moslem religion as he did from Christianity. He wished that they might hear about the Christian religion. He went to the few missionaries who were working in Singapore.

"Someone ought to teach the Christian religion to the Malays," said Captain Shellabear.

"You are right," agreed the missionaries. "But we cannot do it at present. All our time is taken up with the work we have started among the Chinese and the Indians of this great city."

"Surely there must be someone who could teach the Malays," insisted Captain Shellabear.

"You speak their language well. Why don't you do it?" said the missionaries.

The Captain was thoughtful a moment. "I am busy with my army work all day," he said, "but my evenings are free."

That is how the Captain of the Royal Engineers came to be doing the work of a missionary on the streets of Singapore. Night after night he preached in the streets. He had little trouble getting people to listen to him. There was usually a crowd around him. But the people in the crowd were constantly changing as they stopped to listen for a while and then went on about their business. The only touch with Christianity that many of them would ever have was the hour that they chanced to be in the street while Captain Shellabear was preaching.

"If only I could give them books on Christian teachings to take away with them!" the Captain said to himself. "They forget what I've said as soon as I stop speaking. Most of them have learned to read Malay in the government schools. They could read books about Jesus."

Time and again after an evening's teaching, Captain Shellabear said to his friends, "These Malays need Christian books that they can take home to read and read again when they have plenty of time to think."

The need of books for the Malays was still troubling him when he went back to England on furlough after three years at Singapore. While at home he made up his mind what he would do about getting the books.

"I'm resigning from the Royal Engineers. I'm going

back to Malaya as a missionary," he told his family and friends.

"But you made such a splendid record in the Army!" they wailed. "You have such a brilliant future in the Royal Engineers. There is no limit to the position to which a bright young man like you can rise in Her Majesty's Army."

"And think of the money," they reminded him. "You have never known what it is to be poor, but you will find out if you go as a missionary. Your salary as a missionary would be only pocket money to an officer of the Royal Engineers."

But William Shellabear—a captain no longer—did not care about position or money. Neither did the girl who had promised to marry him. They had other plans in mind. They had decided to spend their lives as missionaries in Malaya. They intended to print the story of Jesus in thousands and thousands of little books in the language of the Moslems of Malaya. So they bought a printing press and took it with them when they sailed for Singapore.

The printing press was put up and men were hired to run it. Mr. Shellabear set to work getting the material for the press to print. He spent long hours making translations into the Malay language. Little booklets began to pour from the printing press—parts of the Bible, hymns, and simple stories about Jesus.

Mr. Shellabear preached on the streets as he had done

when he was a captain of the Royal Engineers. But now those who heard him could receive from him little books to take home to read and so learn more about his message.

Soon a new opportunity came to him. Because of his skill in languages, he was invited to work with a committee in preparing a new version of the Gospels in Malay. He was delighted to be able to accept, but he set himself to further study. "I want to know more about the Malay language so that I can do my work better," he explained. "Some of the best works on the study of the Malay language have been written by Dutchmen. I'll have to learn the Dutch language in order to read them." So this careful worker, who was willing to go to any amount of trouble to do his work well, took up the study of the Dutch language in order to know the Malay language better.

In the meantime, Mr. Shellabear had begun working with some of the Chinese Christians in Singapore. They spoke the Amoy dialect of the Chinese language. Mr. Shellabear learned it so that he might be able to teach them in their own tongue.

By this time Mr. Shellabear's fame at languages had become well known. A very important position was opened to him. He became Chief Adviser of the Bible for the British and Foreign Bible Society. His translation of the New Testament into Malay was published in 1910 and the Old Testament appeared two years later.



THOSE WHO ALREADY OWN THE BOOKS CAN STUDY
THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN

Over the years the hot weather of the tropics had been hard on Mr. Shellabear's health. He finally had to leave and seek a kinder climate. But this change did not stop him from carrying on the work to which he had given his life. He kept on translating parts of the Bible, hymns, stories, and sermons into the Malay language. When not translating, he was busy training people who planned to go to Moslem countries as missionaries.

In wartime, when missionaries have had to leave the countries where the Malay language is spoken, the books and leaflets from Mr. Shellabear's printing press go right on giving the Christian message. Those who already own the books can study them again and again. They can lend them to their friends. Those who have no books can buy them from the colporteurs.

A letter received in America from one of these colporteurs in a Malay-speaking land shows why we can be sure this sort of work lives on.

"I write these few lines to let you know I shall not leave Serembon, but still I stay the same place. I am still carrying the work as usual. What is afraid of the war? But only one thing, we must trust to our God and our Lord Jesus Christ. Our God and our Lord Jesus Christ always with us."

The Boy Who Dropped the Bell

WHAT do you suppose that bullock cart is bringing up the hill?" asked a Filipino schoolboy. His group of friends, resting from a strenuous game of *ilocano* ball, listened to the creaking of the wooden wheels.

"Probably something that came in on the boat we heard whistling at the wharf a while ago," replied one boy.

"There goes Mr. Dunlap to meet the bullock cart," said another boy.

"I'm surprised at that American teacher," said Proculo Rodriguez, one of the newer boys.

"What do you mean?" asked the other boys.

"I had always heard that Protestant Christians were terribly bad people. I was afraid to come here, but there was no other place for me to live while I went to the Cebu High School. He is not at all as I expected him to be."



Margaret Ayer-

“WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT BULLOCK CART IS
BRINGING UP THE HILL?”

The boys laughed at the newcomer who had thought their good-natured teacher would be "terribly bad."

"Let's play ball some more!" suggested one. The hollow rattan *ilocano* ball was tossed into the air again. The boys twisted themselves into all sorts of positions in order to kick it always with the soles of their feet. The ball finally fell to the ground just as the bullock cart pulled to a creaking stop in front of the school chapel.

"Boys," called George Dunlap. "Will three of you give me some help?"

Proculo and two other boys left the game and ambled over to the bullock cart. The big animals stood lazily chewing their cuds and switching away the teasing tropical insects. The American teacher was sizing up the big bronze bell that had to be unloaded from the cart.

"The new bell for our chapel has finally arrived from America," said Mr. Dunlap. "Can you help me lift it down to the ground?"

The three boys and Mr. Dunlap lifted the heavy bronze bell from the cart. They lowered it slowly toward the ground. It was very heavy. The boys began to think how it would pinch a finger caught beneath it. When the bell was twelve full inches above the ground, the boys were all seized with the fear of a bruised finger. All three let the bell slip. Down came the heavy weight with a resounding thud. And under the heavy bell were the toes of the missionary. The boys were horrified.

"This is the time he loses his temper!" thought Proculo. He waited for the missionary to rage. He expected the man to howl at the boys, to beat them, and call them all sorts of names. But not a word came from the missionary. He limped quietly into the house. He was gone just long enough to apply first aid to the injured foot. Then he came back just as quietly and went on with his work.

"What kind of a man is this?" Proculo asked himself. "I used to wonder how he kept his temper when the boys threw bananas around and did other mischievous things. This is even stranger. How can any man keep from flying into a rage when three careless boys let a big bronze bell fall on his feet? What power is there inside of him that makes him able to hold his tongue? I would like to have such a power! What can it be?"

For days Proculo pondered about the hidden power that could make a man so strong and patient. "I wonder if the book from which the missionary reads to the boys every morning before breakfast might have the secret? I'll try reading from the Bible myself. Perhaps I can find the answer there."

As Proculo read daily from the Bible, he found many things that he wondered about. He wanted to ask someone.

"I'll go regularly to the Sunday school and to the Friday evening Bible class," Proculo decided. "Perhaps there Mr. Dunlap will explain some of the things I do not understand. Perhaps I can find the secret of his hidden power."

It was in the Bible class that he heard Mr. Dunlap say, "Christian love means giving rather than taking."

"I always take; I never give," thought Proculo. "That is why I am not like Mr. Dunlap. I must stop taking and begin giving."

Another time he heard Mr. Dunlap say, "If we ask God to forgive us and help us, we can always make a fresh start."

As Proculo himself describes his decision to follow Jesus: "Now I was to begin a new life. With God at the bridge of the ship, that life was to grow to be like Jesus'. I had a new sense of power and self-control that came from God. I came to understand how the missionary could hold his tongue. There was a power not his own."

By the time Proculo graduated at the head of his class from the big Cebu High School, he was a thoroughgoing Christian. Like the missionary he admired, he had a power not his own. It made him the sort of person everyone liked to have around. It gave him strength to do hard things well.

He worked with the missionaries on the island of Mindanao for several years before going on to college and then to theological seminary.

All sorts of honors and positions of trust have come to this great Christian of the winsome personality. Twice when the Protestant churches of the Philippines were asked to send someone to a conference to meet with leading

Christians from all over the world, they chose Proculo Rodriguez. At Jerusalem in Palestine and again at Madras in India he was the spokesman for all the Protestant Christians of the Philippine Islands. He has come to the United States to speak and to study. He has acted as Dean of the Theological Seminary of Silliman University at Dumaquete on the Philippine Island of Negros.

But Proculo Rodriguez does not think too much about his travels or the famous men he has met. Early in his career his interest centered upon the humble farm people who lived near him.

"There are more people in the Philippines trying to earn their livings on farms than in any other way," he explained to his friends over and over. "These farms are little—not many are larger than four or five acres. They are fertile when they are first farmed, but each year they raise poorer and poorer crops. The farmers do not know how to keep their land rich by using fertilizers, by rotating crops, by ploughing deeply, or by keeping the soil from washing away. They do not have good tools or good seeds, so they work hard without much result. They are always getting the worst of a bargain because they do not know how to band together to buy, sell, or borrow. I believe that the Filipinos can be better Christians if they are not worried by seeing their children go hungry or their little farms taken for debt. I am working for better farms and better homes."

Proculo Rodriguez sought help from one of the missionaries in the task to which he had set himself.

"I want to talk with you about that region around Bolinsong," he said to his friend Frank Woodward. "It is a big area—fifty miles across—but the people have so little chance to learn anything. They need a place where they can be taught to be better homemakers and better farmers. They need a place where their children can study beyond the fifth grade."

"What are you thinking of doing?" asked Mr. Woodward.

"I am planning to give the children a chance to study in the higher grades and even in high school," announced Proculo.

"But how can you do that?" protested the missionary. "There is no money to start new work at Bolinsong. It's a good idea, but it takes money to do such things."

"I will find the money somewhere," said Proculo Rodriguez. "The people of Bolinsong must have a chance at a better life."

Without waiting for money to fall into his pockets, Proculo Rodriguez began to work and plan and pray for the school that he called the Bolinsong Farmers' Institute. Soon the sixth and seventh grades began meeting in an old storeroom. They had little to work with, but gradually money began to dribble into the fund of the Institute. Friends gave some of it. The mission squeezed out a little.

And Proculo himself for five years gave half his tiny salary each month to the work he loved.

To the Institute came boys and girls to learn better farming and better homemaking. Here each student attended daily a class in Bible study and was taught how to follow Jesus. Here the farmers and their wives came for lectures and demonstrations on how to keep their soil from washing away with the rain, how to feed their children wisely, how to improve crops and livestock, and how to make their homes more Christian. Here farmers learned to buy their materials and sell their crops together. Proculo Rodriguez knows that working together in a friendly spirit helps people to become better Christians.

Shortly before the war came to the Philippines, the material to build a modern six-room high school was placed on the six acres of land purchased for the new building.

When peace comes to the Philippines, there are two big jobs waiting for Proculo Rodriguez. He will carry on his work for the Bolinsong Farmers' Institute, and he will become head of the Department of Rural Reconstruction of Silliman University. Rural Reconstruction is a long name that means making life better for the farm people. As nine-tenths of the people of the Philippines work on farms and make a very poor living at it, he will have plenty of use for that hidden power he discovered when he dropped the bell on the missionary's toes.

The Ford That Turned Lifesaver

IT will be your turn next." The driver of the shabby old Ford car smiled at Ma Kin and Maung Sein, who were standing very still and solemn in front of their little bamboo house-on-posts. "Tell your father and mother that I will be back for you in about two hours. Remind them to take only what they can pack in one trunk."

Then the old car, filled with a sober-faced Burmese family, rattled away through the streets of Rangoon and out into the country.

Ma Kin and her brother Maung Sein watched it out of sight. They climbed the ladder that led up to the porch of their house. They found their father and mother sorting over their possessions, deciding what to leave behind, what to squeeze into the little tin trunk.

"Saya Maung Galay has just driven by with another



Margaret Ayer—

THEY COULD SEE PEOPLE HURRYING BY

family," announced Ma Kin. "Our turn is next. He will be back for us in about two hours."

Ordinarily an automobile ride into a faraway village to visit some cousins would have been a great treat for Ma Kin and Maung Sein. Today they did not act like a boy and girl about to go on a vacation. This was Burma in February of 1942. Above the busy clatter of the sorting and packing, they could hear the boom of explosions, one after another, not so very far distant. For days the explosions had been growing louder as the invaders drew nearer. Some bombs had fallen from the skies onto their own beautiful city of Rangoon.

As they looked from the door of their little house-on-posts, they could see people hurrying by. Some were on foot, carrying nothing but cloth bundles thrown over their shoulders, bundles containing all the belongings they could take away. Some were driving in slow, creaking bullock carts heaped high with mattresses, kettles, and boxes. A very few were tightly packed in automobiles. All were leaving Rangoon for the villages where the invader might not bother to drop bombs.

"I am glad we can go in an automobile," said Maung Sein. "I am glad we belong to good Saya Maung Galay's Christian church."

"Saya Maung Galay looked very tired," said Ma Kin. "He has hardly slept since he started taking his people out of the city. Just think! There are five hundred members

in our Church of the Holy Road, and he has promised to take every one of us to friends or relatives in the villages. No wonder he looks tired!"

Ma Kin and Maung Sein turned to watch the packing.

"Can we take our schoolbooks?" asked Ma Kin.

"I fear not," sighed the mother. "This little trunk holds so few things. We can take only one book and that is already packed."

The children knew, without being told, what that one book was—the Burmese translation of the Bible.

"Are we going to take our dishes?" asked Maung Sein.

"Only one plate and one cup for each of us," answered the mother.

The children watched the few things go into the trunk—the precious family pictures, a big bag of rice, a little jar of oil, a big aluminum kettle, and a few pretty lacquer boxes packed full of family treasures. The mother was placing their best clothes carefully on top—straight flowered skirts of silk for herself and Ma Kin, straight checked skirts for the father and Maung Sein, sheer white blouses for herself and Ma Kin, sturdy white shirts for the father and Maung Sein. The trunk was soon full. Down came the cover with a metallic click.

The father lugged the trunk out to the porch, ready to be carried down the ladder when the noisy Ford should appear again. The mother carried out the big kettle of rice and fish that was to go with them as their lunch. A plane

flew humming overhead. Ma Kin and Maung Sein clapped their hands over their ears. They looked far up the street hoping that the rattly Ford driven by their Burmese pastor would come soon.

"I hear him!" cried Maung Sein.

"I see him!" cried Ma Kin.

Down the ladder scampered the children. Down the ladder climbed the father, carrying the little tin trunk on his shoulder. Down the ladder climbed the mother carrying her kettle of boiled rice and fish. Into the little car they squeezed with another Christian family that had relatives in the same jungle village in which their cousins lived.

"Do our cousins know we are coming?" asked Ma Kin, as they bounced along.

"No," said the mother.

"Suppose they do not have room for us?" suggested Maung Sein.

"Burmese *always* have room for guests who need shelter," said the father. "As long as there is space on the floor for anyone to lie, there is room for guests."

The familiar streets of Rangoon were soon left behind. After a little ride on the smooth highway, they turned off onto a rutty jungle road. On and on they jolted and bounced. Luckily they were squeezed in so tightly they could not roll about much. Ma Kin and Maung Sein grew so interested looking out of the windows that they almost

forgot to be sorry about leaving Rangoon. They were city children not used to driving through small villages with pigs and chickens in the middle of the motor road. Saya Maung Galay often had to honk and honk before the lazy things got out of the way.

At last they clattered into the village where their cousins lived. The noise of the rattly car brought people pouring out of each of the twenty little bamboo houses that clustered about the small Buddhist temple in a grove of coconut and mango trees. The olive-skinned Burmese villagers fairly tumbled down the ladders in their eagerness to see and welcome the visitors. How the questions and answers flew back and forth! In this quiet village, there had been no news of trouble for Burma. How proud Ma Kin and Maung Sein were to have arrived in the automobile, which was being so admired by the simple villagers! How happy the cousins were that they were having guests!

"You will stay, too," they said to Saya Maung Galay.

But the tired Christian pastor was already starting his car. "I would like to stay in this safe place," he said, "but my people need me." His car sputtered, then rattled away along the road.

"Why is he going back to the dangers at Rangoon?" exclaimed the cousins.

"He has more of his church members to carry to safety," explained the father.

"But *why* does he do that?" The cousins could not un-

derstand. "Why doesn't he save himself and let them take care of themselves?"

"He is a Christian," explained the father. "Christians help other people and forget about themselves."

The Buddhist cousins shook their heads in bewilderment. What strange persons Christians must be! They were willing to wear themselves out and expose themselves to danger to help people who were not their relatives! Well, the cousins could not figure that out now. There was plenty to do before nightfall. A big meal must be cooked. Makeshift sleeping mats for the unexpected guests must be laid on the floor.

At last the rice was eaten and sleeping mats were laid down as beds. The Christian family was very tired. It had been a hard day following many worried weeks in Rangoon. Sleep would be good. But there was one thing the family of Ma Kin and Maung Sein always did before they went to sleep at night. Would they do it in this Buddhist home, the children wondered?

"Do you mind if we do as we would in our own home?" asked the father.

"Not at all!" said the cousins politely. They had not the slightest idea what was going to happen.

The Christian mother was stooping over the little tin trunk. She took out the well worn Burmese Bible and handed it to her husband. The Christian family sat close together as he opened the Bible and read:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord
Who made heaven and earth."

As he read, the Buddhist family looked and listened. They noticed how calm and peaceful their Christian cousins looked after their terrible days. The father read on:

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber. . . .
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."

The Buddhist cousins could not quite understand the words, but they knew that they were very beautiful. They could see that the words brought strength to the faces of the listening Christians. The father went on reading:

"The Lord will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul.
The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore."

The Buddhist cousins listened as the father talked to a loving God who had brought them through danger to a place of safety. The father did not ask to be saved from bombs or robbery. He asked God to keep them strong, brave, and unselfish, no matter what happened. As Ma Kin opened her eyes after the prayer, she saw the look of thoughtful wonder on her cousins' faces. She nudged

Maung Sein and whispered to him in a voice so low that no one else could possibly hear.

"I was sorry to leave Rangoon," she whispered, "but perhaps we have been sent to this Buddhist village to tell about Jesus and the loving God."

Maung Sein, thinking of the five hundred members of the Church of the Holy Road being carried by good Saya Maung Galay to many a jungle village, whispered back, "Perhaps all of us from the Church of the Holy Road have been sent into many villages to show what it means to be a friend of Jesus."

Folk Tales, Games, and Stories

FOLK TALES

IRI AND RINGGONG

Long, long ago, before ever the world began, there lived two huge birds named Iri and Ringgong. They were very wise and very powerful, but they found life tiresome. They were weary of flying about in the vast emptiness with never a rock nor a tree for a resting place. They were bored at having nothing to see but each other.

They fluttered in the emptiness, beak to beak, while they talked it over.

"Let's make land," said Iri.

"Let's make sea all about the land," said Ringgong.
"And let's make sky over the land."

And they did.

The land was the big island of Borneo and all the islands that were within canoe distance of it. The water was the South China Sea, the Java Sea, and all the rivers that flow through Borneo. And the sky was of brightest tropical blue with a burning sun by day and dancing stars by night.

The land made a place for Iri and Ringgong to rest. The rivers and the sea made a place for them to bathe; the blue sky, a place for them to fly. For a while they enjoyed their new world. But soon they grew bored with having no living thing but each other.

They sat on the bare, brown earth, beak to beak, and talked it over.

"Let's make things grow on the ground," they decided.

And so Iri and Ringgong created trees. But what trouble they had made for themselves! No sooner would they make beautiful trees than the wind from the sea would zoom through them and blow them all down. Again and again the birds set up the trees. Again and again the winds blew them down.

Completely worn out, Iri and Ringgong sat in the branches of a fallen coconut tree, beak to beak, and talked it over.

"We must make props to bind them in place," suggested Iri.

"We must make smaller plants, too, that will not stick up in the air and catch so much wind," added Ringgong.

And so Iri and Ringgong made vines to twine through the trees and hold them fast to the ground. Then they made plants and shrubs of all kinds to grow between the tall trees to make a soft, green covering for the brown earth. They made many different kinds of berries and flowers and roots.

Then Iri and Ringgong went flying gaily among the branches of their tall trees that were held firmly in place by hundreds of vines.

"What a pleasant world we have made!" cooed Iri, lighting on the feathery top of a tall bamboo tree.

"There is room in it for other creatures that can fly about as we do," trilled Ringgong, joining Iri on the high bamboo perch.

"If there were other creatures, we would not be bored by having just each other," caroled Iri and Ringgong together from the treetop, tremendously pleased with their new idea.

The two set to work with a will, creating other birds to fly among the treetops and eat the berries from the vines and bushes. They made birds of all sizes and all colors. They laughed at the tricks they were playing on the birds. They put some of the most sweetly lilting voices in the bodies of plain little brown birds. They gave some birds feathers so beautiful that they dazzled the eyes, but voices so croaking that they hurt the ears. Of course, they made no birds as big, wise, and powerful as themselves,

the creators. Pleased with the birds, they made flying animals—bats and flying squirrels.

Then Iri and Ringgong were happy for a long time. Finally, Iri had another idea.

"We are having fun in the trees," mused Iri, "but we are not using the ground we made and covered with green, growing things."

"Let's make someone to walk about on it," suggested Ringgong.

And so Iri and Ringgong fashioned a man of clay. He looked well enough as they were making him and putting him in the sun to dry. When he was thoroughly dry, he proved quite useless. He could not move. He could not speak. In their disgust, the two huge birds dashed at him with flapping wings. The man of clay tumbled over backward and broke into a hundred pieces.

"Let's use wood instead of clay," twittered Iri.

"Good hard wood," chirped Ringgong briskly.

So they found the hardest wood in the forest-covered island and fashioned a man from it. He looked handsomer than the man of clay, but he was exactly as stupid and useless. He could not move about on the good ground. He could not speak a word. The birds were sure there was not a thought in his handsome wooden head.

Lesser birds might have been discouraged. But not Iri and Ringgong! Two failures made them more determined than ever to create a man. They flew back and forth

among the trees, searching for the perfect material for their work.

At last they discovered in the forest the kumpang tree.

"See what a strong, flexible fibre it has!" crowed Iri in delight.

"See the deep red sap that oozes from it whenever it is cut!" caroled Ringgong.

"It is a tree full of life and movement. It is the tree fit to make a man." The two birds flapped their great wings for joy and set to work.

The man was such a success that Iri and Ringgong decided to make a woman, too. She was not so big but she was more beautiful than the man. The birds were very, very proud. For days they hovered in the treetops, cooing over the wonderful man and woman they had created. They were proud of the way they walked, talked, and laughed. Like kindly parents, Iri and Ringgong kept thinking of things to make the world better for the man and the woman. They created the sweet potato, the tapioca, and other roots for them to eat.

"Let's make more men and women," said Iri after many days.

"Whatever did we do with the pattern we used?" worried Ringgong.

"That is lost," sighed Iri, gazing in admiration at their perfect handiwork sitting below them, munching sweet

potatoes. "But I am sure we can do well enough again, even without a pattern."

So Iri and Ringgong set to work fashioning more people from other branches of the kumpong tree. But alack and alas! They could not remember how they had done it the first time and they could not find the lost pattern. They made creature after creature, but not another handsome man and not another lovely woman. The creatures they made stood upright and chattered with their mouths and took hold of things with their hands, but they were not quite like men. Their arms were too long. Their skin was too coarse and hairy. Their chattering did not seem to make sense. Worst of all, they kept leaving the ground to go swinging from branch to branch through the jungle. Before Iri and Ringgong gave up their attempt to make more people, they had the woods swarming and echoing with orangutans, gibbons, and all sorts of monkeys.

Discouraged at last about making more men or women, the big birds turned to fashioning other animals that could walk on four or more legs through the jungle—tigers, elephants, dogs, mice, spiders.

It was when Iri and Ringgong had completely given up all hope of making more people that the woman surprised them by giving birth to a tiny but perfect person, far more beautiful than anything they had ever created. When this baby grew and other babies came, Iri and Ringgong were satisfied with the world they had made.

THE TIGER'S MISTAKE (A Play)

SCENE: By the bank of a river in a jungle of
Malaya

CHARACTERS: A man, his young son, Rimau the
Tiger, Buaya the Crocodile

BOY: It is growing dark, Father.

MAN: Yes, it is growing dark. We cannot possibly get
home tonight.

BOY: What shall we do, Father?

MAN: We must sleep right here on the bank of the river.

BOY: Sleep in the jungle? I am afraid of the tigers and elephants and pythons.

MAN: There is nothing else to do. We must sleep here.

BOY: I am afraid, Father. Let me sleep in the middle.

MAN: How can you sleep in the middle? It takes three
people to let one sleep in the middle. We are only two.

BOY: I am frightened, Father. I *must* sleep in the middle.

MAN (*thinking a minute, then lying down on bank of
river*): All right, child. Put your head here on my
stomach. Then you will be sleeping in the middle.

BOY (*lying down with head on father's body*): I am not
so frightened—here—in—the—middle.

*Snores show that both sleep soundly. Tiger, on all fours
with whiskers bristling fiercely, stalks stealthily through
the jungle. He goes to river for a drink, then sniffs.*

TIGER (*sniffing loudly*): I smell people. Who can have come into my jungle at this time of night? (*Sniffs again and follows nose to where father and child lie sleeping on the river bank. Looks in astonishment. Draws back stealthily toward the river's edge.*)

TIGER: Friend Buaya the Crocodile, are you there in the river?

CROCODILE (*appearing from behind large rock*): I am here.

TIGER: Friend Buaya the Crocodile, I have seen a strange and fearsome thing!

CROCODILE: Friend Rimau the Tiger, what have you seen?

TIGER: A frightful creature is sleeping on the bank of this very river.

CROCODILE: What sort of creature?

TIGER: It is a human being with four legs and four arms but only one head.

CROCODILE (*laughing*): Silly Tiger! There is no such creature!

TIGER: I tell you there is. I saw it with my own eyes—four legs and four arms sprawled in all directions, but only one head.

CROCODILE (*laughing still harder*): Look again, Friend Rimau the Tiger. Go up and sniff around your four-legged, four-armed monster. You will find that it has another head. You can seize one person for your share. The other will be frightened and dash toward the river

to escape. The one that plunges into the river will be mine. Agreed?

TIGER: Agreed! (*Goes back up the river bank. Sniffs about the sleeping man and child. His whiskers tickle the nose of the man.*)

MAN (*very loudly*): Ker-choo!

Tiger, startled by sneeze, falls backward into river.

CROCODILE (*gleefully*): Whatever plunges into the river is mine. (*Grabs tiger and starts to eat him. Man and boy snore peacefully.*)

GAMES

MALAYA

Foot Ball—*Bola Kake*

4-6 players, boys, 10 years and up

Out of doors

Boys can be seen playing *Bola Kake* in the side streets of Singapore or even in front of the shop houses, as well as in the *kampongs* far outside any city limits on the Malay Peninsula. Malay lads use a round, light ball made of split wicker, or sometimes a shuttlecock, for this game. In this country a light rubber ball could be used.

Four or six boys, divided into equal sides, usually make up the players. The teams face each other. The ball is

NOTE: The games in this section are taken from *Children's Games from Many Lands*, compiled by Nina Millen. New York, Friendship Press, 1943.

kicked by the bare foot across to the opposing players. The opponent is supposed to catch it on the fly with his own bare foot and then return it. Each time a player fails to catch and return the ball, a point is counted for the other side against his side. When a score that has previously been decided upon is reached, the game is over.—*Mrs. Florence Kesselring, Malay Peninsula.*

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Tag—*Dakpanay*

3-20 players, boys and girls

Indoors or out of doors

The ground or floor is marked off with from three to five circles. The size of the circles varies according to the number of players. Usually one large circle is drawn as a resting place for the circle players. The circles may be drawn close to each other or they may be far apart.

One player is chosen to be the Chaser. The rest are circle players. The Chaser stays outside the circles and the others stay inside. The object is for the Chaser to tag any of the circle players. The circle players can transfer from one circle to another, but the Chaser is not allowed to step inside or to run across any circle.

In order to confuse the Chaser, the circle players scatter and occupy all the circles and stay near the circumference of the circle. As soon as the Chaser comes near, they run to another circle or to the big circle. In this case the Chaser

has a hard time to tag them. A player tagged by the Chaser exchanges places with him, becoming the new Chaser.—
From "Filipino Playmates," by Jean Moore Cavell.

THAILAND

Hit the Coin

4-20 players, 6-12 years

Out of doors

A long bamboo stick is driven into the ground with its top at about the level of the children's eyes. A coin (say a penny) is placed on top of the stick. A child stands from eight to ten yards distant, holding his hand over one eye so he can see with only one. He walks to the stick and tries to flip off the penny with his thumb and second finger. If he hits the penny, he wins a point. If he misses, the next child has his turn. Only one turn is allowed.—*From "Rainbow Packet," Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.*

SOME CHRISTIANS BEYOND THE
BLUE PACIFIC

GOH

Goh was the only Christian in Sungei Pinang, North Borneo. He was the only boy who had ever been away from the tiny Dyak village to go to a Christian school. He belonged to the Dyaks, the "wild" tribes of Borneo, who are like Malay people, but slimmer, lighter of skin, and with higher foreheads. Like his fellow-Dyaks, Goh was

honest, active, cheerful, and intelligent. He lived in a long community house-on-stilts. Goh liked many things about his fellow-tribesmen, but he was bothered by some of the other things.

"I wish they did not fear evil spirits. I'm sorry, too, that they feel they must celebrate important happenings by hanging a fresh skull on the wall. Alas, they know no better! They do not know how to keep clean and healthy either. If only they could read and if only we had books in the 'long house,' they could learn these things."

But Goh had no books and no way of teaching his people how to read. But he did what he could. He was determined to give them some of the things that he had learned in school at Simanggang. Especially he taught them about Jesus and about the God who loved everyone. He must have used tact, for his Dyak neighbors who lived with him in the one dark and dirty "long house" listened and asked to hear more. In fact, they became so eager for more learning that Goh felt he could no longer satisfy them. He needed help.

"I wish that my white teacher could visit our village," thought Goh. "He would tell my people things I do not know. He would show them how important it is to be a Christian."

Day after day Goh thought about it. "Maybe the teacher would come if I invited him," he said. "But how can I get a message to him?" You see, there were no mail

routes running through the jungle villages of Borneo and, of course, a telephone and telegraph were unknown in those parts.

At last a traveler came to the village. He was on his way to Simanggang where the missionary lived.

"Here is a chance for me to send a message to my teacher," said Goh. Quickly he wrote a letter, telling how he was trying to carry on God's work in Sungei Pinang. "You must come," he urged. Then he wrote again in capital letters, "YOU MUST COME!" Goh signed his name but he was not satisfied. Below his signature he printed in huge letters that walked clear across the page, "YOU MUST COME!"

A few days later the precious letter was delivered to the missionary, whose heart was warmed as he read the letter from his former pupil.

"I'll go as soon as I can," he decided. "The trail to that village is steep and difficult, but I can make it."

It was not long before the missionary reached Sungei Pinang. The Dyaks crowded to hear the white teacher of their friend Goh. And the white teacher was surprised at how much these people of the jungle already knew. Goh had taught them well. They were ready for the message that the missionary had to give them.

In the years that followed, missionaries visited the village whenever they could find time to follow the difficult trail through forests and rice fields. The missionaries

taught the Dyaks how to build a more sanitary "long house," how to take care of the sick, and how to live as Jesus taught.

The clean, airy new "long house" of Sungei Pinang is now full of Christians who have their own church and school. Goh, and others like him, will carry on.

FONG KAAO

"And Jesus went about all Galilee," the little Thai girl with the sparkly brown eyes read slowly from her Bible. She was learning English so quickly that it amazed her teachers at the Lampang Girls' School, but still the words were strange to her. Fong Kaao's slim forefinger followed the words as she read on about Jesus: ". . . teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

"That is just what you and your husband are doing." Fong Kaao smiled up at the American teacher-nurse who was helping her to read. "You are both always teaching and preaching and making people well. I would like to do the things Jesus did, too."

"You can, Fong Kaao," the missionary assured her.

Sometimes, when folks grow up, they forget what they planned to do when they were nine years old. But that was not the way with Fong Kaao. She did so well in her school work and showed such desire to be like Jesus that she was

chosen to go to a college for girls at Bangkok, the largest city of Thailand.

The teachers of Lampang Girls' School were happy when Fong Kaaο graduated and came back as a teacher. Her quick, gay ways made her pupils love her and made them glad to learn from her. Her pretty voice took the lead in singing at church and school. Girls and teachers hoped that Fong Kaaο would teach in the school for many, many years.

But a fine young Chinese dentist had a different plan. He wanted Fong Kaaο for his wife and persuaded her to marry him.

Her friends were afraid that now, with a well-to-do husband to take care of her, Fong Kaaο would not do so much to help her Thai neighbors. They soon found they were very wrong.

"I want to be a nurse," Fong Kaaο said to the American friend who had taught her to read and had showed her how much could be done for sick people.

"Why?" asked the missionary.

"I have been thinking about all the women who do not have good care when their babies are born," said Fong Kaaο. "I have been thinking of the tiny babies who die or get a poor start because they do not have good care in their first few days. The mothers love their new babies dearly but no one tells them what to do for them."

"And what would you do for these mothers and babies

if you learned to be a nurse?" asked the American friend curiously.

"I would start a little hospital just for mothers and newborn babies," explained Fong Kaao. "It would be a maternity home where poor mothers and babies would have just as good care as the richest. The hospital would be good enough for those who could afford to pay well and it would not cost too much for the poorest."

"It is a good idea," approved the American friend. "But learning to be a nurse takes a long time and means hard work."

Fong Kaao just smiled. She knew that the missionary did not think she was afraid of hard work.

"There is a fine school for nurses in Bangkok," said the missionary.

And so to Bangkok went Fong Kaao to take the difficult course to become a nurse. When she graduated, she returned to Lampang to open her little hospital for mothers and babies. Her quick, gay ways made her loved by the nurses who worked for her and by the mothers who came to her for care.

If you heard the Christian people of Lampang talking of her, they would be saying something like this: "Fong Kaao, with her little hospital, is making this a city of healthy mothers and strong babies."

"Do you know she still goes back to the school sometimes to teach when one of the teachers is sick?"

"Yes, and she is one of the best workers in the Lampang church!"

"Best of all, her home is such a happy place that it makes anyone want to be a Christian just to step inside her door!"

"How does Fong Kaa find time to do all that she does?"

The answer to that question you can find in the first two paragraphs of this story of the little Thai girl who wanted very much to be like Jesus.

FELINO FLORENDO

"Can a blind man go to college?" people asked when they saw Felino Florendo being led into the classrooms of Union College in the Philippines. "We know he is a very good student, but trying to graduate from college seems too hard for a man who cannot see."

Felino Florendo proved that a blind man could graduate from college. But that was not all.

"Can a blind man learn to be a minister?" people asked when Felino Florendo entered the seminary to study for the ministry. "It was wonderful for him to go to college, but this new study is surely too much for a man without eyes."

Again Felino Florendo proved that he could do what he started out to do. But still the people wondered and questioned.

"Can a blind minister do anything but preach from his pulpit or sit in his study while people come to talk with him?" they asked. "Most ministers go out into the villages to visit in the homes and preach to people who cannot come to church. Surely a blind minister, no matter how good and how smart he is, cannot do that!"

But Felino Florendo could and he did. Led by a guide who is a good friend, the blind Filipino preacher tramps miles and miles to tell about Jesus. And he does not stay on smooth city sidewalks. The mountains and rivers of Mindanao do not discourage him. If they are passable to other people, the singing blind preacher and his guide can find their way across them. Felino Florendo knows that there are people in far-away spots who will not hear of Jesus unless he takes the message. He knows that seeing these people once or twice is not enough. He knows that he must tramp to their homes over and over again to be sure that they understand the way of Jesus.

When making plans for his work, he does not ask, "What can a blind man do?" Instead he asks, "What should a Christian do?" The way of Jesus is safe in the hands of men like Felino Florendo.

LIVING CHURCHES

When the missionaries had to leave their work in the countries that lie around the South China Sea, they thought about their people and prayed for them, but they did not

worry that Christian teachings might be forgotten. They knew that they were leaving behind them brave Christians and strong churches where the religion of the loving God would still be preached. Among the churches that the missionaries trusted to carry on without them are two that had been independent even before the war: the Batak church of the Netherlands East Indies and the Karen church of Burma.

In 1834, two young American missionaries named Lyman and Munson were warned by Dutch officials that it would be wholly unsafe for them to venture into Batakland in the mountains of central Sumatra where the natives were cannibals. In those days as now, missionaries put their work first and gave little thought to their own comfort and safety. So to Batakland the two went. Their native guide escaped to tell the story of their being killed by the cannibals. About twenty-five years later, Ludwig Nommensen, a member of the Rhenish mission from Germany, ventured into Batakland. Several times he narrowly escaped death before he gained the friendship of some of the leading chiefs. After four years of work, he had won five converts to Christianity. When he died after sixty years spent in Batakland, there were one hundred and ninety thousand Christians. The latest figures give the membership of the Batak church as over four hundred and fifteen thousand.

Even before the war made "orphans" of the missions

of the Netherlands East Indies, this church had become independent of the missionaries. It had its own officers and budget. It had one hundred and thirty-six Batak ministers and one thousand *gurus*—men who went to villages to do double duty as school teachers and preachers. Best of all, the Batak Christians have not been satisfied to keep the gospel in Batakland. They have gone as missionaries or colporteurs to the neighboring people of Sumatra and to near-by Malaya. Since a sharing church is always a growing church, we can be sure that the Batak church will continue to grow stronger even in time of war.

Living in the hills of lower Burma are the Karens, descended from Chinese tribes driven southward by stronger tribes centuries ago. A Karen can be distinguished from a Burman by his fairer skin, squarer build, higher cheek bones, and rougher clothing. A Karen is less quick to laugh or fight than his Burmese neighbor.

It is among the Karens that the missionaries have had the most success in Burma. The Karens had an old tradition that a white brother would come from the West bearing a book that would tell them about God. When the first Protestant missionary appeared among them, they thought that the white brother of their prophecy had come. They were quick and eager to accept his teachings. More than half the Christians of Burma come from the Karen groups.

The Karen church is noted for its independence as well

as for its large size. At first the mission boards expected to furnish all the money, but the work grew so rapidly that money from abroad was not enough. Then the Karens began to pay their own way. They wanted to give their own money to support their own teachers and preachers. They were poor people and they had little money, so they usually made their payments to the church in rice, pigs, or chickens instead of money. When they became self-supporting, the Karens' enthusiasm leaped. Their church had become their own. They felt the responsibility of making it grow. Like the Bataks of Sumatra, the Karens are a missionary group, working to spread the news of Jesus among the hill people of Burma.

The missionaries, waiting for a chance to go back to their friends around the South China Sea, have faith that their groups are still worshipping God and telling others about him. Some are worshipping in bamboo churches-on-stilts in jungle villages. Those on the island of Celebes in the Netherlands East Indies are meeting in boat-shaped churches, built in the same architectural style as the homes of the people.

In one of the churches of New Guinea, the people are praising God in a church built on the very spot where cannibals once killed their victims. On the island of Java, there is worship in the sturdy brown churches that are similar to those churches of Holland. On Mindanao of the Philippines the Moro Christians invite their Moslem neigh-

bors to worship with them in a church shaped much like a mosque, with a roof built in tiers. On tropical islands, white soldiers worship beside dark-skinned natives in simple palm-thatched churches.

The people of Southeast Asia, who have learned to worship the loving God of whom Jesus taught, cannot forget.

THE BOOK-WRITING CHURCH OF DANSALAN

"A certain king, after conquering his enemies, took them into his favor and had them to eat and sleep in his house. His servants remonstrated with him, saying that he should have destroyed them.

"'But I destroy my enemies in the best way of all,' said the king, 'when I make them my friends.'"

For those who cannot read this little story in English in the magazine, *Lanao Progress*, it is printed in the opposite column in the Maranaw Moro language, beginning, "*Ana dato a kagia makowa nian so manga rido-ai nian.*" For those who can read Moro and are just beginning to read English, comparing the columns makes a good reading lesson. Those who cannot read in any language hear the story read aloud and have a good lesson in the way to treat enemies.

Perhaps some boy or girl of the Lanao schools was paid one cent for each line of the story. That is what they are offered by the missionaries for any Moro stories they find illustrating a good way of living.

The magazine *Lanao Progress* was published every two weeks by the Dansalan church in the province of Lanao on the Philippine island of Mindanao. The magazine contained world news, community news, Moro folk literature, practical hints for farm and home, articles about the Christian way of life. If this magazine had been published twenty years ago, it would have been written in difficult Arabic characters that few people but the Moslem priests could read. Frank Laubach wanted his Moro friends to be able to read, so he translated their words into our simpler letters and taught the people to read them. Each person who learned a few words went out and taught them to others until the Moros of Lanao became a reading people. Having taught people to read, Dr. Laubach saw to it that they had the right books to read. That meant a big job of writing, translating, and printing. Frank Laubach did not try to do this alone. He called on the members of his church to help supply Christian literature for the Moros. *Lanao Progress* was only one of many things that rolled from the printing press.

The young people of the church worked for more than a year writing a book called *Dictionary of God's Language*. In this book they wrote the ways in which God spoke to them. They found that they heard the words of God in the beauty of the out-of-doors, in the example of good Christian people, in the messages they read in the Bible, in the experiences that came to them in their day-

by-day living. This book meant a great deal to the Moros because their own young people had written it.

Twelve members of the church met every morning at 6:45 to worship together. They studied great hymns, hunting in their Bibles for the verses that gave the authors their ideas. What they learned in this daily period they published as a *Devotional Book for Family Worship*. As it goes into Moro homes, this little book will have much meaning because it grew from the thoughts of Moro neighbors.

Parts of the Bible are the most precious pages that came from the printing press of the book-writing church of Dansalan. Dr. Laubach had the help of an important Moro sheik in his translating. He tells how this descendant of Moro pirates cried as he translated the stories of the crucifixion of Jesus and the hardships of the brave Paul.

If the missionaries had been doing all the translating and writing, the printing press would gather rust during the years that war keeps them from their church. But a book-writing church can go on writing. And the books that were printed under the supervision of the missionaries can be read and read again.

It is good to think that all over the countries from which the missionaries were driven by war conditions the work of the printed page can go on. In Burma, Thailand, Indo-China, Malaya, the Philippines, and the Netherlands East Indies, the missionaries had long been working with the Bible societies to publish books about Christian living

in the many tongues that are spoken around the South China Sea. Word has come that the colporteurs who distribute these books stayed at their work in spite of danger.

WHEN FARMERS WORK TOGETHER

"Just put your thumbprint here and I will give you the money." The white-clad Indian moneylender pointed at the spot where the signature should go. The Burmese farmer in his checked skirt and coarse white shirt looked helplessly at the paper he could not read. Uncertainly he placed his thumbprint where the Indian pointed.

The Indian passed over the promised money and walked off, happy because he had once more succeeded in lending money at 40 per cent interest. The Burman spent some of the money to hire men to clear more land and some to buy more rice for seed. With the Suez Canal opening the world to Burmese rice, it was worth while raising a big crop. The farmer spent the rest of the money for some of the things he had wanted for a long time—little things he had never been able to afford before.

On the newly cleared land, the Burmese farmer raised rice crops year after year. He sold enough to care for his family fairly well and gave no thought to the Indian moneylender. Burmese do not like to worry about unpleasant matters.

Finally, the moneylender appeared and demanded his money back with compound interest at 40 per cent.

"But how can I pay?" was the question of the surprised farmer. "I earn only enough to feed and clothe my family. How do you expect me to save money with which to pay you?"

"Here is your note promising to pay compound interest at 40 per cent." The Indian showed the paper with its smudgy thumbprint. A hot argument followed. Anyone within ear shot joined in the fray. But in the end, the moneylender owned the land that the Burmese farmer had cleared.

"How shall I raise another crop without any land?" wailed the farmer.

"I will lend you more money," offered the moneylender. "You can clear another section of jungle land and grow your rice."

Once again the farmer put his thumbprint on another note of promise to pay. Then he set out to hire men to help him clear more land, which the moneylender would claim within a few years.

After this borrowing of money and losing of land had gone on in Burma for years, all the good rice land had been cleared of forests, but about half of it was owned by distant moneylenders. The farmers had to rent land from the moneylenders, paying half of each crop as rental. If they could not live on the half crop or if they needed money to buy seed rice, they had to borrow again at the high rate of interest.

This was one problem that the missionaries faced, not only in Burma but in other parts of Southeast Asia. One of the first men to think of a way to help was Brayton Case of the Pyinmana Agricultural School, whose story you have read on pages 45-51.

"One farmer alone is helpless," Mr. Case figured it out, "but a group of farmers working together would be strong."

Then as Mr. Case went about among his farmer friends, he introduced them to the idea of cooperatives. He explained that a cooperative was a group of people working together. He added another word and talked about Christian cooperatives. In a Christian cooperative the members would be thinking about helping each other. Some of the farmers deposit their savings in a fund from which the others can borrow at low interest when they are in need of money. They can sell their rice and other produce together, getting a good fair price instead of trying to undersell each other in the market. They can buy seeds, tools, and other farm supplies together, getting the best wholesale rates, instead of haggling over prices with a grasping storekeeper. They can own a fine bull, rooster, or boar together and in that way improve their livestock. In short, they can work together as Christian neighbors, stronger because they help each other.

Cooperatives have been started in other parts of Southeast Asia by the governments, by missionaries, or by native

leaders. Proculo Rodriguez of the Philippines, whose story you can find on pages 77-84, is one of the strongest workers for the Christian cooperatives. Where Christian farmers have worked together, there is little chance that they will go back to their old lonely way.

How to Pronounce Words in These Stories

BAGAN SI-API API, bah-gahn see
ahpi ahpi ("the field where Mr.
Fire lives")

BATAK, bah-tahk

BOLA KAKE, boh-lah kah-kee

BOLINSONG, boh-len-song

BUAYA, boo-eye-yah

CEBU, see-boo

DAKPANAY, dahk-pahn-eye

DANSALAN, dahn-sah-lahn

DYAK, die-ak

FELINDO FLORENDO, fay-leen-doh
floh-ren-doh

FONG KAAO, fong cow

GURU, goo-roo

IRI, ee-ree

ILOCANO, ill-loh-kah-noh

KAREN, kah-rehn

KRU MUANG, croo moo-wang

LANAO, lah-now

MA KIN, maw keen

MAUNG SEIN, maow-ing sen

MINDANAO, min-dah-nah-o

NIME BOLA, neh-mee boh-lah

PAPUAN, pap-yoo-an

PROCULO RODRIGUEZ, proh-koo-
loh roh-dree-gez

PYINMANA, pen-mah-nah

RIMAU, ree-maow

SAYA MAUNG GALAY, sah-yah
maow-ing gah-lay

SIMANGGANG, see-mang-gang

SUNGEI PINANG, soong-ee pee-
nang

THAI, tie

THEELAT, tay-laht

